IMPROVEMENT ERA

THE GLORY OF GOD IS INTELLIGENCE ...

VOL. 32 OCTOBER, 1929 No. 12

Temple Ceremonies
JAMES H. ANDERSON

Raised From the Dead
LE ROI C. SNOW

Pride and Beatings
THOMAS R. HENRY

THE SULFUR CYCLE
J. E. GREAVES

TRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC
WILFORD D. PORTER

A MONSTER WORTH WHILE
DR. J. H. PAUL

STORY—FROM WITHIN
WILL DOBSON

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IMPROVEMENT ERA

OCTOBER, 1929

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

CONTENTS

A FALL SCENE - - - - - - - - *Frontispiece*
TO A ROW OF POPLARS. A POEM - - *Ramona W. Cannon* 967
TEMPLE CEREMONIES - - - - - - *James H. Anderson* 969
RAISED FROM THE DEAD - - - - - - *Le Roi C. Snow* 972
CONTEMPTIBLE TOBACCO TESTIMONIALS - - *Will C. Brown* 980
PRIDE AND BEATINGS NEARLY RUIN BOY - - *Thomas R. Henry* 981
A MISSIONARY'S PRAYER. A POEM - - *Weston N. Nordgren* 984
TRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC - - - *Wilford D. Porter* 985
A MONSTER WORTH WHILE - - - - - *J. H. Paul* 987
THE SULFUR CYCLE - - - - - - - *J. E. Greaves* 990
WHAT GREAT MEN HAVE SAID ABOUT THE BIBLE - - - 996
OUT OF WORK - - - - - - - - *Daniel Connelly* 997
A UNIQUE UTAH TREE - - - - - *Prof. Frank R. Arnold* 999
THE ATLANTIC'S LANDLESS HIGHWAY - - *Robert Sparks Walker* 1002
THE POSSIBLE YOU - - - - - - *Prof. J. C. Hogensen* 1006
ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY - - - - - 1007
MARY BASSETT'S BOMB - - - - - - *Libbie M. Travers* 1008
ANOTHER STORY OF ACHIEVEMENT - - - - - - - 1010
FROM WITHIN. A STORY - - - - - - *Will Dobson* 1011
JIM BRIDGER ENCOUNTERS RED MEN - - - *Carter E. Grant* 1018
DAWES UPHOLDS PROHIBITION - - - - - - - - 1024
THE HEADLESS CAVALIER - - - - - *Henry F. Kirkham* 1025
THE SPRING GARDEN - - - - - - *Thomas G. Harrison* 1027
AIM HIGH - - - - - - - - - *Joseph S. Peery* 1028
TO THE FRIENDS OF THE IMPROVEMENT ERA - *General Superintendency* 1032
MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS. ILLUSTRATED - - - - - 1029
EDITOR'S TABLE—RING OUT THE OLD RING IN THE NEW - - 1033
HORACE J. KNOWLTON - - - - - - - 1034
WHAT THE ERA DOES - - - - - - - - 1034
IT CAN BE DONE - - - - - - - - - 1035
PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS - - - - - - - - - - 1036
MUTUAL WORK - - - - - - - - - - - 1044

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EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

The leading article in this number, "Temple Ceremonies," from the pen of James H. Anderson, is a brief but lucid explanation of some phases of this important subject. The secrecy with which our temples are surrounded has given offense to many people who, if they stopped to consider the matter for a moment, would realize that it is something which in no way concerns them. This short article explains and justifies the Church position in the matter.

LeRoi C. Snow concludes his remarkable story of the restoration to life of Ella Jensen, now Mrs. Henry Wight, the first part of which appeared in the September *Era.* If the first installment has not already been seen, our readers will do well to peruse it. This story, verified as it is by so many witnesses, is so outstanding as to deserve a permanent place in the records of the Church. Men do not doubt that Peter, the ancient apostle, could restore life to those who were dead. Why should not Lorenzo Snow, a modern apostle, do the same thing?

The western history stories written by Carter E. Grant are continued in this issue under the title, "Jim Bridger Encounters the Redman." These articles by Brother Grant, who has majored in Western history at the University of Utah and who is continuing his studies along this line with the intention of taking out his master's degree, have aroused wide-spread interest. They will continue throughout the coming volume of the new *Era.*

Pride and Beatings Nearly Ruin Boy is a continuation of the articles taken from the *Washington Star* and written by Thomas R. Henry. This series will prove profitable reading for all who have boys of their own or who are interested in the sons of other parents. They illustrate the importance of studying child nature and letting research and thought rather than impatient impulse decide the course of training.

President John A. Widtsoe favors us with an interesting account of the organization of the newest mission, the Czecho-Slovak, with headquarters in Prague. The elders laboring there are under the necessity of learning a new and difficult language, but word comes that they are addressing themselves to this task with commendable faith and zeal.

In this connection we have the promise of at least one article from Dr. Widtsoe on the European situation as he views it. Europe's precarious condition, her frantic efforts to make secure an elusive peace, offers a splendid field for study, and *Era* readers will be fortunate in having articles from the pen of so able an observer as Dr. Widtsoe. We look forward to them with keen anticipation.

The first number of the Improvement Era combined with the *Young Woman's Journal* will appear next month and will be full of interesting material. Those who miss the first number will suffer a distinct loss. Some of these articles have been rather widely advertised, "From the Green Mountains to the Rockies," "The New Washington," "An American Prince" and others. These, however, are but a few of them. The feelings of a sweet lady pioneer, who came to Utah with an ox team and who recently flew in an airplane over a part of the old trail and the surrounding country, will be described. The touching story of Rebecca Winters, who died and was buried on the plains, will be told by her granddaughter, Augusta Winters Grant. Indeed, the entire magazine from beginning to end will be full of interest.

To a Row of Poplars in Autumn

Slim poplar trees, changing from green to bright gold,
Cascading your glory from high in the air,
Where noonday's ripe sun floods the branches that hold,
Let scatter the yellow light everywhere.

Below you are saffron and amber-tipped green
More modest, more chastened, that gorgeous gold hue
Which, with many a deepening tone wrought between,
Is crested above against Heaven's bright blue.

You tremulous leaves that so softly are stirred
By sun-perfumed breezes as warm as the day,
In faint little shadows your gay forms are blurred,
As gently with fairy-like rhythm you sway.

You leaves that ere long shall be fallen and dead,
Your beauty enthralls me, I drink of it deep;
What matter it then that the summer has fled,
When majesty crowns you ere falling asleep?

Oh, death, thou art beautiful manifest so,
No sorrow, nor bitterness, grief nor despair
Is writ on the brows of this lengthening row
Of poplar trees clad in their fair autumn wear.

Royal-robed are you, leaves, as you wait for the end,
Though silent, you raise hallelujahs to God,
In accordance with whose divine will you now bend
Your own wills and obediently mix with the sod.

Ah, fain would I die with a swan-song like yours,
At life's close; I would stand as ye stand, unashamed,
Unafraid before God while the life stream endures,
And bathed in his light till my spirit be claimed.

Salt Lake City RAMONA W. CANNON

A Fall Scene

Photo Courtesy Stevens & Wallis.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

VOL. XXXII OCTOBER, 1929 No. 12

Temple Ceremonies

BY JAMES H. ANDERSON

THERE are certain temple ceremonies always connected with temples of God. In Solomon's temple there were certain precincts which only the high priest was permitted to enter, for participation in the rites pertaining thereto. In the temple referred to, those rites and ceremonies consisted of oral instruction and illustrating symbols indicating the progress of mankind. They told of the beginnings of men's occupancy of the earth, of the instructions from God, and the conditions and rewards pertaining thereto. They told also of the efforts of the evil power to draw mankind away from the precepts of Deity. They explained how observance of those precepts brought peace and joy and happiness throughout the ages; and how disregard thereof brought the opposite result. They indicated how that through the activity of evil powers, persecution and mortal suffering necessarily would come to those who sought to live righteous lives; but that when human selfishness, greed, and unlawful desires were overcome by the principle of sacrificing these human appetites by overcoming them, there would come victory over those baser human attributes, and these attributes would be replaced by God-like attributes of a higher and nobler life. They also pointed out that as in his superior wisdom God knoweth best, the noblest results are achieved by obedience to his laws, despite the temptations, devices, difficulties and persecutions inspired from an evil source, of which men sometimes are ignorantly the agents. These rites and ceremonies, consisting of oral and symbolic instruction, constitute the temple ceremonies.

In Solomon's temple this ritual contained historical record only up to the time of its administration. As a history in symbol and recital it could contain no more. Beyond this, there are the sacred promises for the future, as given in prophetic symbol and prophetic promise. The chief of these pertained to the anticipated resurrection from the dead, and the eternal judgment which awarded to mankind the result of their actions, based upon their conformity to God's law, as they had opportunity which comes in great measure from their diligence in adopting that conformity. The actual sym-

bols are very few. The personification and illustration of historic events and prophetic promise are more numerous, as might be expected.

The historic part of the temple ceremonies at the time of the opening of the Christian era came down only to that time; they could not do more. The prophetic part included the vital unfulfilled predictions of the succeeding period. Thus the ceremonies of the temple at Jerusalem had only the promise of the resurrection; and as the Levitical and temple officers among the Jews did not then, and never have done, accept the fact of the resurrection of Christ, that fact never became to them a historical part of the ceremony, but remained a ceremonial promise. Hence, everything based exclusively on the Jewish temple ceremonies must stop at this point, as ritual.

Eighteen centuries later came the dispensation of the fulness of times, when, according to Scripture, all things will be gathered in one in Christ. The temple ritual of this later period then must include in the historic part of its ceremony, not only the resurrection, but the falling away from the Church where such was the case, and the renewed revelation of the Gospel for the new dispensation. The historical part of the ceremonies may be made more compact, this being justified by circumstances, and more detail be given to the prophetic part, which is closer and of more immediate importance. The older ceremonies, too, were under the Scriptural lesser law, in which only priestly officials took part, while the newer dispensation is under the higher or more perfect law, in which all who obey the Gospel take part. Thus, under the Mosaic law, which was "a schoolmaster to bring the people to Christ," only a selected portion of the male population in Israel were permitted to officiate; under the fulness of Christ's law there is no such restriction; the fulness or complete revelation of the Gospel takes in all the obedient, male and female, in their special capacity.

The ceremonies and symbols, constituting the ritual, are therefore sacred, but not necessarily secret except to those who have not obeyed the Gospel, and who have no legitimate business or concern therewith, either through morbid curiosity or illegitimate interference. For comparison, there are family matters that belong to the family immediately concerned, and with which no other self-respecting person will interfere.

Some of this ritual, too, belongs for engaging therein only to the sacred precincts of the Temple of God, while other parts may, as designated, be of more general use; such, for illustration, as the laying on of hands for the healing of the sick, by anointing the head with oil and the blessing by the elders.

Thus the temple ceremonies, whether of the antediluvian or

postdiluvian dispensations, are purely religious, and are educational in being a full representation of the Gospel plan in the world, whether historic or prophetic, according to the measure of each. In the latter-day dispensation they are more complete in the participation thereof by the race of which it is God's promise that in them "shall all the nations of the earth be blessed"—the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and their faithful descendants; but not of the unfaithful or unconverted. This purely sacred religious character of the ceremonies of the Temple of God should be clear to all thoughtful and considerate people, without any suggestion of mystery. It is plain, simple, common sense, with no mysterious attachments. In latter days, the temple ceremonies embrace all former-day dispensations—a completed record to this time in the history of mankind.

It is said that what is known as the Masonic order has rites based on ceremonies in Solomon's temple. That order is a fraternal organization, not a religious one. If it happens to have one, two, or three of the religious symbols of Solomon's temple ceremonies, then, so far as accurate, those must be a part of the true religious ritual. That fraternal order has the right to keep its ritual sacred and secret, and it is not the business of others so long as it does not interfere with the rights of others. But if it has borrowed some of its symbols from the rites of a religious temple ceremony, it has no right to complain of the use of that religious ceremony as determined by the religious order which is primarily a rightful occupant and participator. For analogy, man was given dominion over the earth, but that did not deprive God of his dominion over the universe, including the earth, nor stop man from exercising his right of dominion. Upon this point there seems to be no ground for disagreement in opinion or thought, but it is rather a field for unanimity in both thought and action.

A life without love in it is like a heap of ashes upon a deserted hearth—with the fire dead, the laughter stilled, and the light extinguished. It is like a winter landscape—with the sun hidden, the flowers frozen, and the wind whispering through the withered leaves. God knows we need all the unselfish love that can come to us. For love is seldom unselfish. There is usually the motive and the price. Do you remember William Morris, and how his life was lived, his fortune spent, his hands busied—in the service of others? He was the father of the settlement-movement, of co-operative homes for working people, and of the arts and crafts revival, in our day. He was a "soldier of the common good." After he was gone—his life began to grow in radiance and power, like a beacon set high upon a dangerous shore. In the twilight of his days he wrote what I like to think was his creed—and mine: "I'm going your way, so let us go hand in hand. You help me and I'll help you. We shall not be here very long, for soon death, the kind old nurse, will come back and rock us all to sleep. Let us help one another while we may."

—*Frank P. Tebbetts.*

Raised from the Dead

(Conclusion)

By LeRoi C. Snow of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A.

Ella Jensen and Five of Her Eight Children

AFTER being visited at about four o'clock in the morning by her dead uncle, who informed her that messengers would come at ten o'clock to conduct her into the spirit world, Ella continued to grow weaker.

At about half past nine her brother Budd, now residing in Salt Lake City, was sent to get Dr. Nelson, a good sister who spent most of her time waiting upon the sick.

Ella realized the end was very near and summoned her folks to kiss and bid them goodbye. She called each one by name as they came to the bedside. But her brother Budd had not returned, and she felt she could not go until she had seen him. She was gasping for breath and exerting all her strength to hold on until Budd should come back. Grandma Jensen, who had been sent for, arrived and just as Ella had embraced and kissed her, Budd and Mrs. Nelson came in. Ella threw her arms around her brother's neck, kissed him and fell back on the pillow—dead.

After Ella's father, Uncle Jake, had gone to report to President Snow and consult him regarding arrangements for the funeral, Sister Nelson washed and laid Ella out, dressed her in clean linen and Budd took the doctor back to her home.

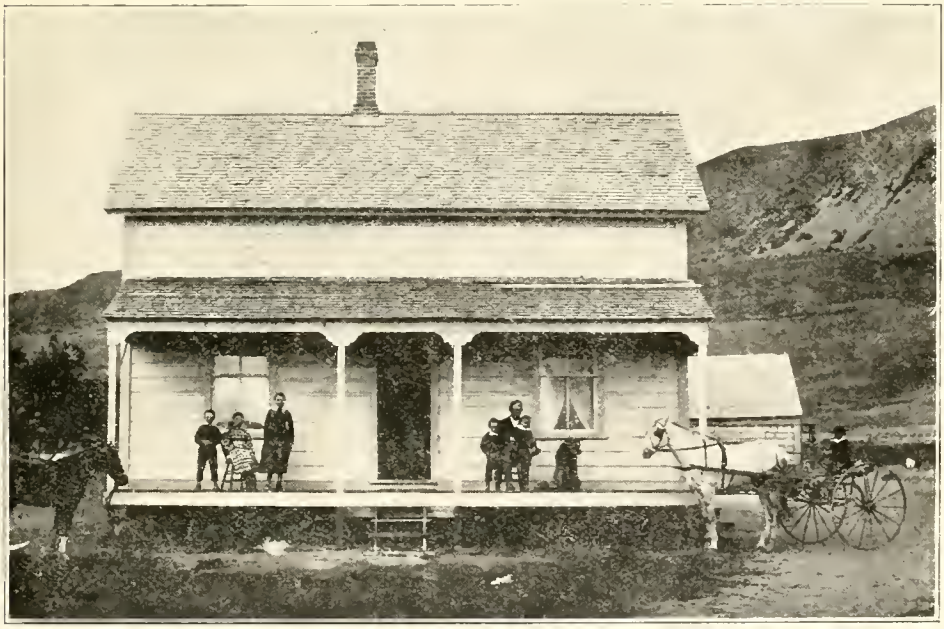
In the previous article I have told of the administration by President Snow and President Clawson, the remarkable command to "Come back and live," and what happened in the home during the following hour.

Regarding the more than three hours that Ella spent in the spirit world she says:

"I could see people from the other world and hear the most delightful music and singing that I ever heard. This singing lasted for six hours, during which time I was preparing to leave this earth, and I could hear it all through the house. At ten o'clock my spirit left my body. It took me some time to make up my mind to go, as I could hear and see the folks crying and mourning over me. It was very hard for me to leave them, but as soon as I had a glimpse of the other world I was anxious to go and all care and worry left me.

"I entered a large hall. It was so long that I could not see the end of it. It was filled with people. As I went through the throng, the first person I recognized was my grandpa, H. P. Jensen, who was sitting in one end of the room, writing. He looked up, seemed surprised to see me and said: 'Why! There is my granddaughter, Ella.' He was very much pleased, greeted me and, as he continued with his writing, I passed on through the room and met a great many of my relatives and friends. It was like going along the crowded street of a large city where you meet many people, only a very few of whom you recognize.

"The next one I knew was Uncle Hans Jensen with his wife,



THE JACOB JENSEN HOME, BRIGHAM CITY, AS IT APPEARED AT THE TIME OF ELLA JENSEN'S RESTORATION TO LIFE

Mary Ellen. They had two small children with them. On inquiring who they were, he told me one was his own and the other was Uncle Will's little girl. Some seemed to be in family groups. As there were only a few whom I could recognize and who knew me, I kept moving on.

"Some inquired about their friends and relatives on the earth. Among the number was my cousin. He asked me how the folks were getting along and said it grieved him to hear that some of the boys were using tobacco, liquor and many things that were injurious to them.

"This proved to me that the people in the other world know to a great extent what happens here on the earth.

"The people were all dressed in white or cream, excepting Uncle Hans Jensen, who had on his dark clothes and long rubber boots, the things he wore when he was drowned in the Snake River in Idaho.

"Everybody appeared to be perfectly happy. I was having a very pleasant visit with each one that I knew. Finally I reached the end of that long room. I opened a door and went into another room filled with children. They were all arranged in perfect order, the smallest ones first, then larger ones, according to age and size, the largest ones in the back rows all around the room. They seemed to be convened in a sort of Primary or Sunday School presided over by Aunt Eliza R. Snow. There were hundreds of small children.

Hears the Command to Return

IT WAS while I was standing listening to the children sing 'Gladly Meeting, Kindly Greeting' that I heard your father, President Lorenzo Snow, call me. He said: 'Sister Ella, you must come back, as your mission is not yet finished here on earth.' So I just spoke to Aunt Eliza R. Snow and told her I must go back.

"Returning through the large room, I told the people I was going back to earth, but they seemed to want me to stay with them. I obeyed the call, though it was very much against my desire, as such perfect peace and happiness prevailed there, no suffering, no sorrow. I was so taken up with all I saw and heard, I did hate to leave that beautiful place.

"This has always been a source of comfort to me. I learned by this experience that we should not grieve too much for our departed loved ones and especially at the time they leave us. I think we should be just as calm and quiet as possible. Because, as I was leaving, the only regret I had was that the folks were grieving so

much for me. But I soon forgot all about this world in my delight with the other.

"For more than three hours my spirit was gone from my body. As I returned I could see my body lying on the bed and the folks gathered about in the room. I hesitated for a moment, then thought, 'Yes, I will go back for a little while.' I told the folks I wanted to stay only a short time to comfort them."

The Pain of Coming Back

ELLA'S oldest sister, Meda, now Mrs. Ernest E. Cheney of Brigham City, says that Ella frequently told of the terrible suffering which she experienced when the spirit again entered the body. There was practically no pain on leaving the body in death but the intense pain was almost unbearable in coming back to life. Not only this, but for months, and even years afterward, she experienced new aches and pains and physical disorders that she had never known before.

"About the first thing she told us, after being brought back to life," says Uncle Jake, the father, "was that she met Grandpa Jensen. He was sitting by a desk writing in a book, making out some records. He got up and welcomed Ella, calling her by name and then she said: 'I went down the large room, where I met a number of my relatives and friends.'

"I know there were some whom she had never seen in life. She described to me just how they looked and told me their names. Among these were aunts and second cousins long since dead. There is no question that they were the ones whom we had laid away before she was born.

"Then she told us about going into a large room where many children were assembled. They were singing under the direction of Sister Eliza R. Snow. She did not mention that any parents were there. While listening to their beautiful music she heard the voice calling her to come back, and telling her that her mission was not ended.

"After she opened her eyes and told us these things she wanted to get up, but it was two or three days before we would let her try to move around.

Converses With Friends and Relatives

THE next day Aunt Harriet Wight, who lost two daughters, Phoebe and Betsy, came into the room to visit Ella and asked how she felt. Ella said she was feeling all right now. Aunt Harriet broke down and cried, and Ella then said: 'Why, Aunt Harriet, what

are you crying for. You need not cry for your girls who have gone. I saw and talked with them, and they are very happy where they are.' Aunt Harriet was very much affected.

"Many relatives and others visited Ella and she told them the same things that I have related to you, and told them much more, about meeting their relatives and friends over there, how happy they were and that they asked about their loved ones here.

ELLA JENSEN'S DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW AND THEIR CHILDREN

"My daughter is still living, is perfectly well and strong and has reared a large family."

Leah Rees, who stayed with Ella the night before this remarkable visit to the world of departed spirits, came the following evening. Let us listen to her own words:

"When I came again to stay with Ella the next night she told me all about where she had been. She mentioned having seen my father and several others of my people who had passed away, as well as her own Grandpa Jensen. Everyone appeared busy and very happy."

MEETS A LITTLE FRIEND BUT A FEW HOURS DEAD

ALPHONZO H. SNOW, now living in Salt Lake City, the writer's brother, relates his experience as follows:

"My wife, Minnie, and I heard of Ella Jensen's death and restoration to life and called at her home to see her. As we entered the room she said: 'Oh! Come here, Alphonzo and Minnie, I have something to tell you. After my return to earth I told my parents of some of the remarkable experiences which I had while in the spirit world. But there was one experience that seemed very strange, and I could not understand it.

" 'You know your little son, Alphie, has been in my Sunday School class in the First ward. I have always loved him very much. While I was in Aunt Eliza R. Snow's class of children in the spirit

world, I recognized many children. But all of them had died excepting one, and this was little Alphie. I could not understand how he should be among them and still be living. When I told this to mother, she said: 'Yes, Ella, little Alphie is dead, too. He died early this morning while you were so very sick. We knew you loved him and that it would be a shock to you, so we did not tell you about his death.'

"It was very consoling, indeed, to hear Ella tell of seeing our dear little boy and that he was very happy. She said it was not right for us to grieve and mourn so much for him and that he would be happier if we would not do so."

ELLA JENSEN'S SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

Perhaps President Rudger Clawson, who assisted President Snow in the administration, received the most complete account from Ella. This is what he says:

"Sister Ella Jensen, in relating to me her very remarkable experience, said that during all the morning of our visit, and going back into the night, the veil between this world and the other seemed to be growing thinner and thinner. She heard singing all through the house from the unseen world and seemed herself to be about to step into the spirit world. And this is what actually happened, for her spirit left her body and went into the beyond.

WORK TO DO ON THE OTHER SIDE

A GUIDE was there to meet her and by him she was conducted into a very large building where there were many people, all of whom appeared to be extremely busy, no evidence of idleness whatever. Hans Peter Jensen, her grandfather, was one of the first persons she met. He seemed pleased to see and bid her welcome, but let her understand that he was very busy and could not give her much of his time.

"After a brief chat with her grandfather she passed on through the building, glancing at the people as she walked along. Finally her eye rested upon the familiar face of Hans Jensen, her uncle.

When she saw him, what to her and others had been an enigma, was now clearly explained.

"Sometime before this advent into the spirit world her Uncle Hans, who lived in Brigham City, counseled with me as president of the stake as to the propriety of moving into the Snake River country, Idaho, to engage in salmon fishing. His idea was that if he was successful he could ship salmon from the north to Brigham City at a good profit and thus benefit himself financially. He needed the help that such a business would bring him.

"I said if it was his wish to engage in that business it was all right with the stake presidency and a matter entirely for him to decide for himself.

"Later he left for the north and at once turned his attention to salmon fishing. One morning he went from the home where he was staying, clothed in a jumper and overalls, with gum boots, to fish; but he never returned. His oldest brother, Jacob Jensen, came to me greatly alarmed, said that no word had been received from Hans for some time and nobody seemed to know where he was. He was greatly excited about it and feared that his brother had been drowned in the Snake River.

"Jacob organized a posse of men and at once instituted a search covering a period of some two or three weeks, at the Snake River, but their efforts were fruitless. No trace could be found of Hans and he was never again heard from until his niece, Ella Jensen, met him in the spirit world. She said that he was dressed in a jumper and overalls with gum boots. The mystery was solved.

"There seemed to be no doubt thereafter that Hans Jensen was drowned in the Snake River. It is said that when the dead manifest themselves to the living they usually appear as they were last seen on earth so that the living will recognize them. If that be true it accounts for the strange habit that her uncle was wearing."

Lorenzo Jensen, of Salt Lake City, now agent for the Beneficial Life Insurance Company, tells the following interesting incident:

"The night that Hans Jensen disappeared, his mother, Grandma Jensen, awakened her youngest son, Willard, by calling in her Danish accent: 'Vill, Vill, you get right up and open the door and let Hans come in the house.' Willard came to his mother's bedside saying: 'Why, mother, Hans cannot be here, he is up in Idaho fishing, you know.'

" 'Yes, but I know he is here, I heard him calling me. I have not been asleep. I know he is outside and wants to come in.'

"Willard went to the door, opened it, walked entirely around the house, returned to his mother and said he was sure that Hans was

not there. The mother replied: 'Then Hans is dead, because I know that he came to me and called me.' A few days later word came telling of Hans' disappearance."

Commanded to Come Back

PRESIDENT CLAWSON continues: "Ella passed on down through the building and met many others, some of whom we shall speak of later. Finally she came into a very large room that was completely filled with small children, all dressed in white, with Eliza R. Snow Smith presiding. She sat and listened to the Sunday School songs which they sang, being songs which are now sung in Sunday Schools among us, and she was perfectly contented and happy. It was a heavenly place, she said. She felt that she never wanted to leave it.

"While sitting there a very strange thing happened. She heard a voice coming to her in commanding tones, apparently from a long distance, which said: 'Come back, Ella, come back! Your work on earth is not yet completed.'

"She had no desire to come back and felt determined not to leave the beautiful place. But this voice was so authoritative in manner that it seemed to draw, yes actually did draw, her spirit out of that room. She was compelled to follow it, and so she turned her face earthward on the return journey. She kept going and going, apparently a long distance until, all at once, she found herself in the room at home, where her body was lying.

"Then she realized that her spirit must again enter the body which was lying there, to all intents and purposes, a lifeless one. Her spirit entered and the next moment her eyes opened and her lips moved. Then it was her parents realized that she was no longer dead. They spoke to her and she to them.

Proves That She Was Rational

SHE began to tell them of her wonderful experience in the other world, what she had done and seen. Her father whispered to the mother: 'Do you hear what she is saying? Why, the girl is certainly delirious. She is out of her mind.' Ella looked up and said: 'Father, you think then that I am out of my mind, do you? I will very soon prove to you that I am perfectly rational.'

"She turned to her mother: 'While in this large building in the spirit world, I met a woman who greeted me and said she was Aunt Mary and told me that she died while I was a baby.' The mother asked: 'Can you describe her?' The answer was: 'Yes, she was a tall woman with black hair and dark eyes and thin features.'

'Yes,' the mother answered, 'surely you have described your Aunt Mary.'

" 'I also met another woman there, who said she was my Aunt Sarah and had died just before I was born.' 'Will you describe her?' the mother asked. 'Yes, she was rather short and somewhat fleshy, with round features, light hair and blue eyes.' 'Why, yes, Ella, that is your Aunt Sarah. You have described her perfectly.' Ella turned to her father saying: 'Do you now think that I am out of my mind?' 'No,' he answered, 'you have had a very wonderful experience.'

"It may well be thought that Ella Jensen's work on earth was not yet completed, as indicated by President Snow, for she afterwards became president of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association in Brigham City. Afterwards she married and became a mother in Israel, and surely a woman can do no greater work in the world than to become a mother of men."

Ella Jensen was born August 3, 1871. The experience related in this article occurred March 3, 1891, in her twentieth year. She married Henry Wight, March 20, 1895. They are now living in Juniper, Idaho. Of their eight children six are living and they have six grandchildren.

Contemptible Tobacco Testimonials

By Will H. Brown

A leading tobacco company published an advertisement of a cigarette brand, in which was a testimonial showing how little the company cares for common honesty. It was signed by a man in a hospital, who had been operated on for appendicitis. His doctor had strictly forbidden him to smoke, and it was also against the rules of the hospital to smoke there.

In the testimonial this man boasted that he induced the nurse to close his door and open the window while he smoked, and followed the practice for two weeks.

Notice the contempt of the whole proceeding: He deliberately violated the doctor's orders and confidence. He broke the rules of the hospital. He induced the nurse to break those rules. To cap the climax of his brazenness, he boasts of it all by signing his name to a testimonial to the kind of cigarette smoked—all for the gratification of a slavish habit, and to get a little money from the tobacco company.

The tobacco firms are after ads., of course. The more prominent the individual they can induce to sign a testimonial, the better it suits them. Kirk L. Simpson, noted writer, in one of his syndicated Washington letters, says letters of protest have been received by the War department against army men giving their pictures and testimonials for cigarette advertisements. Mr. Simpson declares that the friends of one army officer signing such a testimonial say he never used that brand of cigarette, or any other.

Pride and Beatings Nearly Ruin Boy

Pupil of Gales Special School Saved From Insanity by Good Care

By Thomas R. Henry in the "Washington Star"

Note—This is the third of a series of articles telling of the remarkable experiment in the redemption of boys who have proved unmanageable in ordinary schools, which is being carried on by the District of Columbia Public School System. Harold D. Fife, the teacher, is a "Mormon" boy.

THE home is an extremely vital factor in the molding of child personalities, Harold D. Fife, principal of the Gales Special School, has found in his studies of the children problem in the D. C. school system.

The case of James ——— carried him far into the depths of psychic life.

James is the oldest of ten children.

He lives on the outskirts of the District, about 6 miles from the Gale School.

His mother has a Ph. D. degree from one of the great Eastern universities. She speaks fluently six languages. She is a woman of charming personality and selflessly devoted to her children.

His father is a watchman—a powerful, domineering, ungracious personality. He is a product of the hard school of the sea and the docks, the school of fist, club and knotted rope.

He believes a father should be the boss in his own home and has no use for any new-fangled notions of rearing children. If they don't behave, he holds, the only thing to do is to beat it out of them.

Father Beat Him

WHEN James got in trouble with his teachers the father knew how to handle the case. He beat him within an inch of his life. He repeated the treatment again and again. The child's back was covered with livid scars. Instead of reforming, he got worse. He became incorrigible, the teachers said. He was sent to the Gales Special School.

Here among strange children he was a still stranger child. Fife could find no point of contact. The boy took no interest in anything. He would sit in a corner by himself all day long, refusing to join in the class work or games of the other boys. He insisted he had done nothing to be sent there. When the teacher tried to pat him on the back he ducked.

"I ain't done nothing to be hit for," he said.

It looked like an incipient case of dementia praecox. The child had three mental breakdowns in the schoolroom—Fife called them "mental breakdowns" for want of a better word.

He identified himself with Napoleon. He couldn't be convinced he wasn't Napoleon.

Once he galloped across the floor on a broomstick for a horse, flourishing a stick for a sword.

"Forward, my brave men!" he cried.

When the teacher and some of the other pupils grabbed him he fought desperately. He seemed to have an abnormal strength.

Never Be Sent to Elba

"I'LL never be taken alive," he cried. "I'll never be sent to Elba." Generally he was Napoleon at Elba or St. Helena, not Napoleon the conqueror.

These hallucinations were short-lived. After the broomstick incident he came to Fife's desk.

"I don't know what happened. My head was gone," he said.

A child with such hallucinations naturally is sent to a psychiatrist. The phychiatrist was puzzled over James and didn't make definite recommendations. Most of the time the boy seemed normal although far too much given to day-dreaming. He was a worshiper of idols. He lived the lives of his idols, rather than his own life.

The father's lashings had driven the poor child out of the real world into this dream world.

Yet Fife found, curiously enough, that he couldn't make a contact through the boy's idols. He resisted conditioning on the Napoleon complex. It was impossible to graft upon this an interest in school history, for example.

Now it was observed that James never ate lunch with the other boys at the school. During lunch time he always disappeared up the street. He told the other boys he went to get a hot lunch—that he didn't have to eat cold lunches like them.

Given No Lunch Money

FINALLY the facts came out. James was eating no lunches at all. He was given none to carry to school. He had no money to buy any. He was not even given car fare. Every morning he walked the 6 miles from his home to the school and every evening walked back—very likely to another beating.

When Fife charged the boy with not eating any lunches he denied it indignantly. He wasn't poor trash that couldn't afford

to eat what they wanted, he said. He went to a restaurant and was waited on. He didn't have to put up with cold stuff like these Greek and Dago boys. He came from a home of wealth and luxury.

The teacher didn't try to argue him out of this story. Instead, he told some of the other boys about it, in confidence. He asked them to save some of their lunches each day and offer them to James, telling him that they had eaten all they wanted or arousing his curiosity about Greek or Italian food.

These boys, good lads at heart even if they were thieves, gun-toters and knife-throwers, were moved by the story and carried out their part of the deception.

James merely flew into a rage when the food was offered him. Did they think he would eat such miserable stuff? he asked. Hadn't he just dined on hot roast chicken?

They tried to give him car fare. They tried to provide him with an opportunity to earn money.

He only flew into ungovernable rages. He retreated further and further from the personality of James into the personality of Napoleon.

Great Personal Pride

HERE was a beautiful case of an inferiority complex in a child of enormous personal pride. His strange behavior was a compensation for the hurt pride which was killing him. There may have been some other element involved, but it was not found. He had an abnormally acute sensitivity to pity or patronage—to any suggestion that he couldn't stand on his own feet. One way to show his superiority was by being bad. Attempted sympathy he interpreted as pity and acted accordingly.

After a few visits to the home Fife became convinced that nothing could be accomplished without a change of environment—yet, strange to say, he found that the mother, when she was herself, was an almost ideal person to have charge of James. The change of environment must be a change of environment inside the child's own home with its strangely mated couple—the cultured, gentle mother and the crude, bullying father.

The trick was turned by Lieut. Mina Van Winkle of the Woman's Bureau. The father had to be locked up for a time before he was willing to admit that what children needed was not lashing and then more lashing—and that any attempt to interfere with a father's licking his son was tyranny.

Since that time James has picked up. He is in the second year in junior high school—still a proud, sensitive, Spartan, day-dreaming child. But he is doing well in his classes. He joins in the

sports of his fellows. The obvious symptoms of incipient dementia praecox have disappeared.

The future, of course, is another story. But there is every indication that this misunderstood boy who was starving himself because of his pride and going insane in the process has been saved from a life either of lunacy or crime.

There may be a great future for an individual who combines so active an imagination with so egoistic a drive and so indomitable a courage. From the ranks of such are recruited the rulers of the world. The lad had chosen a good idol with which to identify himself. Of just such stuff was the great Napoleon.

A Missionary's Prayer

O Father, as the night draws in
  And darkness blurs the eve,
I come to thee on bended knees,
  Thy counsel to receive.

Each day I labor for thee, Lord,
  I love thy Gospel more;
Kind acts of mine redound with love
  And blessings, o'er and o'er.

I thank thee for the Gospel light
  Thou givest me each day;
For strength to serve thee in the field
  Against proud sin's array.

I thank thee for my lineage,
  My parents, and each friend;
For brothers, sisters—and for those
  Who kind assistance lend.

I thank thee for my loving wife—
  Thy daughter, firm and true;
For health and inspiration, and
  The wish thy will to do.

Oh, help me, Father; with thy light,
  My understanding clear;
Show me the way to follow thee
  In faith, each moment here.

May all thy servants speak the truth,
  Nor hide when spoken to;
Send forth thy Priesthood's choicest ones—
  "The laborers are few."

And, Father, let thy blessings come
  To those who stand in need;
Let all the world thy Gospel know
  Through kindly word and deed.

Liverpool, England WESTON N. NORDGREN

Tripping the Light Fantastic

By Wilford D. Porter, U. A. C. Extension Editor

"THE absent are always in the wrong," says an old proverb known in many languages; and closely allied to that one is the French proverb, "Tout comprendre c'est tout pardoner" (to understand all is to forgive all).

Although the Indians perhaps had never heard of either, still they observed a custom which indicates they were cognizant of the truths expressed in the two statements. Therefore, they would call together all the tribesmen and together they would talk over the affairs pertaining to their future welfare, whether in times of war or in times of peace.

In their pipe-smoking ritual they believed that the smoke from the pipe would serve as a medium through which their spirits could be united with the "Great Spirit," and he could hear their supplications and give them supernatural assistance, especially if the ritual were followed by a tribal dance.

Statesmen, rebels, recruiting officers, monarchs and peacemakers have, since the beginning of history, known that a unity of opinion can best be brought about by calling those concerned together where crowd psychology, whether consciously or unconsciously, can be used by the leaders to carry out their purposes.

Strong antagonists can often be reconciled and mutual friendship result if they can but be brought into close proximity with each other.

Communities exist because individuals have been brought together either consciously or unconsciously for the satisfying of common interests and needs. It is, therefore, not surprising to hear of rural communities of Utah having their slumbering civic pride awakened by common interests, and in this case, by an interest that appeals to the feet instead of the heart, the head, or through the proverbial path to a man's heart, through the stomach.

So interested was Miss Mary Wood Hinman, founder of the Hinman School of Dancing, New York, in the community life lived in Utah that she offered her services for six weeks gratis, to endeavor to introduce folk dancing among the rural Utahns.

Some indication of Miss Hinman's gift to the State might be disclosed by the fact that she was offered and did receive $100 a day for teaching the same dances to the movie stars in Hollywood, California.

Miss Hinman has been in almost every civilized country in

the world, where she studied the dances of the folk. She came to realize that every nation has an inborn desire to dance and dance gracefully and rhythmically. She saw that no malice or anger could exist in the hearts of those who would enter earnestly into the dances of their nation.

Each time on coming back to America she was impressed with the tense feeling in the communities, because, as she said, "American ruralists have forgotten how to play."

Her work during the six weeks which she spent in Utah might be termed "The breath which brought about the blossoming of civic pride and sociability" in the communities in which she introduced her dances.

Because of her visit, one community was completely revolutionized in respect to its community socials. When Miss Hinman first went there, the public hall was poorly kept. The floors were not swept; the walls were marred; the inhabitants did not show the greatest pride in their dress nor their manners, and many did not participate in the community activities. The old order has changed, fast yielding place to new. The socials start on time; literally everybody turns out; family feuds have been forgotten; the hatchet has been buried, and the feudists have joined hands and now "trip the light fantastic" to the strains of the home orchestra. With the dawning of the new civic pride the inhabitants began to cast their eyes upon the unsightly social quarters and immediately demanded a renovation, with the result that the present building was cleaned, and the people have a promise of an addition to be built to accommodate the large crowd that comes every two weeks to join in the festivities. Folk dancing wrought the change.

This is only one incident that may be cited as an example of what has been accomplished in interesting the rural people in the plain and simple folk dancing. Wherever Miss Hinman has taught, prejudices have been broken down; cliques have disbanded; young and old alike have been permitted to meet to enjoy a common interest. Her wonderful personality has acted as a stimulus to pursue happiness through harmless play.

The citizens in West Jordan, Syracuse, Heber, Millville, Mantua, Lakeshore, Willard, Erda, Huntsville, Hoytsville, Grantsville and other communities in Utah will long remember the charming lady who opened the door to genuine pleasure through arousing their interest in dancing the graceful steps from many lands.

Miss Hinman will always hold a high regard for the Mutual Improvement Associations for their assistance in her work and for the program which was so worthily carried out in the State.

A Monster Worth While

A Bear Lake Tradition That is Worth Preserving

By J. H. Paul, University of Utah

THE delightful fable of the once famed Bear Lake monster is so good that it ought to be retained. That amazing dream, myth, or perception—that prince of stories—should be kept alive as a tradition; not necessarily as something that was possibly true, but as something that has in it the stuff of endless fun and innocent amusement. For notwithstanding its apparent absurdity as a fact of science, who can say that this supposed monster was not there, an actual descendant of some pterodactyl, or ichthyosaur, or dinosaur, from geological ages of the past?

This strange creature was seen, or supposed to have been seen, mostly on moonlit nights, its gigantic and serpent-like form now and again disturbing the usual peace of the serene and sleeping waters of the lovely and quiet lake. And please don't tell me that there was nothing in it!

The Bear Lake Monster

AMONG my earliest recollections are pictures of the fireside group in my father's home in Salt Lake City, reading in the *Deseret News* of about the year 1875, detailed and circumstantial accounts of this gigantic reptile. For one after another of the early inhabitants had managed to obtain casual glimpses of it. Sometimes it had the head of an otter, sometimes that of a cow. Occasionally it would lift its serpent-like form partly out of the water, displaying a long neck, and the body, apparently many yards in length, judging from the long line of ruffled water in its wake, could be dimly made out following the head, as the creature swam swiftly across the lake or disappeared into its depths.

Stories that Ought to be True

IF some of these stories are not true, they ought to be true; for they have brought thrills to the hearts of youth; and many a graybeard has shaken his head in troubled doubt as he has heard of these incredible but detailed accounts given by reliable persons. At all events the stories may contain quite as much truth as parts of the material that we require the youth of the nation to read and to ponder as "history."

We are wont to fill our heads with matter no more certain and

possibly much more misleading and mischievous. And so, I say, let's keep the tales of the monster of the sky-blue waters, if only for story-telling contests at campfires. At the worst they contain as much truth as most of the fishing yarns told there, while they have a scientific basis that ordinary fables do not possess.

For just suppose that a few descendants of any long-necked race of lizards of the Mesozoic seas could somehow have lived on, possibly surviving in Lake Bonneville and being transferred in some unknown way to the little strip of Bear Lake waters. While I cannot imagine just how anything of the kind could have taken place, can anyone say positively that something like this might not have happened?

Sea-Serpents of Science

WE read in Leidy, Cope, and Marsh that ancient sea-serpents abounded in the Cretaceous seas of the region from which the Rocky Mountain highlands have been raised from the former waters —seas that extended from the Mississippi valley westward to limits not yet ascertained. These serpent-like creatures, varying from 10 to 75 feet in length, slender-necked and long-tailed, with four flippers in place of fins or feet, had jaws so constructed that they could swallow their prey whole, as serpents do; though Cope concludes that they were gigantic swimming lizards rather than true snakes. "Thirty-five species of reptiles are known from the Kansas strata alone." These reptiles are familiar to geologists who call them Mososaurs. The fossil preservation of a related form called by Cope *Clydastes tortor,* and remarkable for the slenderness of its body, "was found coiled up beneath the ledge of a rock, its skull lying undisturbed in the center."

Long Live the Monster!

THESE quotations, giving but a faint idea of how much the few fossiliferous strata already examined have yielded up concerning the true sea-serpents of science, are not intended to suggest that the author fancies any of the early accounts of the fabled monster of Bear Lake to have been accurate; or that descendants of certain extinct monsters might somehow have gotten into the waters of Bear Lake.

The writer entertains no such theory, nor any theory whatever, about the matter. He intends merely to suggest, as far as he knows, if anyone does choose to believe that those early descriptions of the Bear Lake monster represent anything more than beavers, cows, wildcats, or other animals, seen swimming across the lake; and if he imagines further that they might have been creatures related to extinct monsters whose remains are found in the strata

of Western rocks—he has a perfect right to give this free rein to his imagination, with the practical certainty that science is little likely at present either to confirm or to refute his fancies.

What the writer would like to see preserved is the curious and interesting *tradition* of the Bear Lake monster. That there is, or might be, or once was, something that lived in the waters of the lake—a fearsome creature resembling gigantic past animals of the sea-serpent type—this is by far too good a fancy to be lost. The tradition of the monster should be preserved if only for the sheer fun there is in hearing accounts of it, not because anyone thinks the tales true or false, but because such traditions, whatever may have started them, have high and peculiar value in literature and folk lore.

A Friendly Suggestion to Bathing Resort Proprietors

THE thought of the almost forgotten monster came to my imagination during a recent visit to the Bear Lake region in the interest of scout and girl leadership. The picture of the terrible beast that some had seen, or imagined they had seen, was at first startling, and then interesting and pleasant. And a fear seized me; not a fear of the monster, but an apprehension that the tale had been hushed up by Bear Lake people themselves, lest anyone should think lightly of them for cherishing such a "fable"; or that those who conduct bathing resorts along the lake shore had hushed up the great story lest the bare reports of a fabulous monster in the depths should frighten would-be bathers out of the notion of taking a plunge in the pleasant waters of Bear Lake.

Now, I do not think the story would have any such effect on most people; and while it might possibly keep a few from bathing, it would be more likely to attract others and so increase the profits of Bear Lake resorts. In any case, it appears to me to be rather a sordid interest of money-grabbing to try to lay at rest forever the marvelous traditions concerning the Bear Lake monster, lest such reports might tend to lessen the paltry profits of a few bathing resorts. I have heard no intimations, however, that any of the proprietors have taken a stand against keeping alive the tradition, and I trust that none will seek to discredit it.

As true as steel your wife may be,
But yet withal remember,
That truest steel, you will agree,
Sometimes has a high temper.

Los Angeles, California. O. F. Ursenbach.

The Sulfur Cycle

J. E. Greaves, Utah Agricultural College

THE persistent search of the scientist has revealed to date only 92 elements, in earth, air, water, and every living thing inhabiting them. Some of the elements are rare, others are abundant. We believe today that everything in this entire universe is composed of atoms which are ever changing from one combination to another. Plants and animals, men and women, are an "ever-shifting," ever-varying swarm of atoms, every mechanical work of earth, air, fire, and water, every criminal act, every human deed of love or valor. What is it all, pray, but the relation of one swarm of atoms to another?

> "Here, for example, is a swarm of atoms, vibrating, scintillant, martial—they call it a soldier—and anon, some thousands of miles away upon the South African veldt, that swarm dissolves, forsooth, because of another little swarm—they call it lead.
>
> "What a phantasmagoric dance it is, this dance of atoms! And what a task for the master of ceremonies! For, mark you, the mutabilities of things. These same atoms may come together again, vibrating, clustering, interlocking, combining, and there results a woman, a flower, a black bird, or a locust, as the case may be. But tomorrow again the dance is ended, and the atoms are far away; some of them in the fever germs that broke up the dance, others are the green hair of the grave, and others are blown about the Antipodes on the wings of the ocean, and the eternal everchanging dance goes on."

This journey of the atoms through the living and the dead is a complex process followed imperfectly even by the chemist of today with his apparently magic methods. Two elements, sulfur and nitrogen, are of intense interest. The cycles of these elements have much in common. They journey through earth, air and water, occurring both in the organic and inorganic forms. Native nitrogen occurs in the atmosphere, native sulfur in soil and water. Sulfur and nitrogen find their way into the atmosphere through combustion and decay; they both are rendered available to the growing plants through biological processes. Animals require both nitrogen and sulfur in the organic form. A vast amount of work has been done on the nitrogen cycle, much less on the sulfur cycle, due to the different values which have been assigned to the two processes. However, modern discoveries have given to the sulfur cycle new interests: (1) Recent methods of analyses have shown that sulfur constitutes a greater proportion of plant and animal tissues than was formerly believed to be the case. (2) Soils have been found which contain insufficient sulfur to meet the needs of the growing plants.

(3) It has been learned that sulfur often plays an indirect role in the liberation of other plant-food.

Sulfur Everywhere

SULFUR constitutes 0.08 per cent of igneous rock. It is estimated that 0.12 per cent of the earth is sulfur, where it occurs in both the free and combined form. Large deposits of free sulfur are found in Sicily and Japan, as well as in Louisiana and Texas, and other parts of the United States. Soils contain it in rather small quantities both in the organic and inorganic forms. Inorganically, it occurs mainly as sulfates combined with calcium, magnesium, sodium, and other common bases. Its origin is the native rock, organic manures, and rain water. It is emitted in all volcanic regions, and sulfur springs contain it in large quantities.

Sulfur is essential for the life of plants and animals. It is necessary for the production of certain essential oils and enters into the composition of the bodies of all plants and animals. Wool, horn, and hair are especially rich in it. In these it occurs primarily in the organic form of proteins; and proteins are composed of some nineteen amino acids, one of which, cystine. carries sulfur. The amino acids are essential for the building of animal tissue, and with the exception of one, glycocoll, must be received pre-formed in the diet of the animal. The animal cannot build them. They are synthesized by the plant, and it is from the plant, either directly or indirectly, that the animal obtains them. In fact, the extent to which tissue can be produced by any animal is governed by the quantity and proportion of the specific amino acids in the diet. Consequently, an animal cannot grow unless eighteen of the nineteen building blocks, the amino acids, are supplied in the food.

As previously stated, horn, hair, and wool are extremely rich in sulfur where it occurs in the amino-acid, cystine. Eleven per cent of wool is cystine, a little over one-fourth of which is sulfur. Scoured wool carries as an average 3.4 per cent sulfur; consequently, sheep must receive at least 0.34 pound of sulfur, which must be supplied as 1.36 pounds of cystine for every one hundred pounds of wool which they produce. This must be supplied in the form of protein sulfur as the animals cannot use the inorganic sulfur. For these reasons Robertson has concluded that apart from possible mineral deficiencies which vary from place to place and must be ascertained separately for each, the carrying capacity of any country for sheep may obviously be determined by either of two factors, namely:

"(1) The total nutritive value of the fodder plants per acre, or the 'energy value' of the pasture, and—

"(2) The cystine production per pound of fodder protein, which, for wool production, constitutes the 'biological value' of the pasture.

"Where cystine production is high the energy value of the pasture will limit its carrying capacity; where cystine production is low the biological value of the pasture will form the limiting factor. In the former case the introduction of pasture plants of high energy-value, without much regard to their productivity of cystine would improve the pasture. In the latter case the introduction of fodder plants of high cystine productivity irrespective of their nutritive value (apart from this amino-acid) would similarly improve the pasture."

The quantity of sulfur occurring in Utah-grown grains has been found to vary with the specific grains, the water applied during the growing season, and the soil on which it is grown.

TABLE I. PERCENTAGE SULFUR IN WHEAT, OATS, AND BARLEY GROWN UNDER VARYING CONDITIONS

	WHEAT	OATS	BARLEY
Maximum	0.287	0.294	0.241
Average	0.204	0.190	0.155
Minimum	0.120	0.115	0.082

The variation in sulfur which preliminary work indicates can be attributed to irrigation water is 48 per cent; to variety, 40 per cent; and to soil, 30 per cent. If later work shows this increase of sulfur to be organic, grains grown under one condition may be twice as valuable for wool production as grains grown under different conditions.

From these and other results the quantity of sulfur removed from the soil by the growing crop can be calculated. This has been done and is given for a few of the common crops in Table 2.

It is evident that the sulfur content of plants and the quantity removed annually from the soil varies widely with the size and kind of crop. A 300-bushel crop of potatoes removes only five pounds, whereas an 8-ton crop of alfalfa removes 52.8 pounds. One ton of alfalfa carries twice as much sulfur from the soil as does one ton of peas. Consequently, alfalfa rapidly depletes the soil of sulfur, yet its value, for the production of wool, is twice that of peas or timothy hay.

TABLE 2. POUNDS OF SULFUR REMOVED FROM AN ACRE OF SOIL BY MAXIMUM CROPS

CROPS	SULFUR (LBS.)	
Corn Grain (100 bu.)	9.5	
Corn Stover (3 tons)	7.6	
Total Crop		17.1
Barley Grain (100 bu.)	7.4	
Barley Straw (2.5 tons)	7.4	
Total Crop		14.8
Oats Grain (100 bu.)	6.1	
Oats Straw (2.5 tons)	6.0	
Total Crop		12.1
Alfalfa (8 tons)	52.8	
Peas (4 tons)	13.6	
Sugar-beets (20 tons)	13.0	
Potatoes (300 bu.)	5.0	

The sulfur contained in the crop comes from the soil; therefore, it is imperative to know the quantity of sulfur in the soil if an estimate is to be made of the durability of the soil. In Table 3 is given the maximum and minimum quantities of sulfur reported for different soils.

TABLE 3. MAXIMUM AND MINIMUM QUANTITIES OF SULFUR REPORTED FOR AN ACRE FOOT OF SOIL (3, 600,000 POUNDS)

LOCALITY	MINIMUM	MAXIMUM
Utah	252	1,764
Missouri	297	1,067
Wisconsin	660	2,000
Iowa	700	900
Oregon	720	1,200
Nebraska	828	2,526
Kentucky	900	2,340
Kansas	972	1,656
Tennessee Average		1,850
Average Eastern part of the United States		1,440
General Average	666	1,764

The variation in the sulfur content of different soils is very great; in some there is abundance, in others it is near the danger limit, as is evident from a simple calculation. Two hundred and fifty-two pounds of sulfur, the quantity found in some Utah soils, is sufficient for only five annual maximum crops of alfalfa were the plant able to take all the sulfur from the first foot section of soil. The highest sulfur-carrying soils in Utah would last only 33 years. The average durability for the soils of the United States is from 13 to 33 years. Where wheat, oats, barley, peas, and sugar-beets are grown the durability of the soil would be from three to five times longer.

These illustrations show how serious would be the sulfur problem were it not that the soil is constantly obtaining small quantities of sulfur from other sources. Combustion and decay constantly liberate gaseous sulfur compounds. Millions of tons of sulfur are thrown into the atmosphere by volcanoes and from chimneys, especially from some manufacturing plants. This sulfur finds its way back into the soils, oceans, lakes, and streams of the country. The quantity of sulfur brought to the soil by precipitation varies from 3 to 131 pounds per acre annually, being high near manufacturing centers and low in the country. The average for eighteen localities in various parts of the world was 34 pounds. From the standpoint of soil fertility, these figures are misleading, as the majority of the determinations was made near centers of thick population where industries send large quantities of sulfur into the atmosphere, consequently, much appears in the precipitation. It has been found through a study extended over four years that the precipitation on the campus of the Utah Agricultural College brings 33 pounds of sulfur to each acre of soil annually, where as the average over the same period for eight country localities was only 9.5 pounds of sulfur per acre. A careful study of all available data leads to the conclusion that this latter figure represents approximately the quantity brought annually to agricultural soils by precipitation.

The quantity of sulfur discharged into the sea is enormous. The salts of its waters contain about 7.69 per cent of the sulfate radical; consequently, one would expect some sulfur returned to soil by irrigation waters. An analysis of 46 of the principal irrigation streams of Utah bears out this expectation.

Sulfur From Irrigation Waters

EMERY CREEK carries 676 pounds of sulfur in an acre-foot of water, Price River, Huntington Creek, Sevier River, Jordan River, and Ferron River all carry over 200 pounds of sulfur in an acre-foot of water. None of the lands irrigated with these waters

would become deficient in sulfur. However, these waters are high in alkali salt and, due to their high salt content, may be injurious. The waters of five streams and one lake tested contained between 100 and 200 pounds of sulfur in an acre-foot of water; seven others carried between 50 and 100 pounds. Twenty-seven streams carried less than 50 pounds of sulfur in an acre-foot of water. All but two of these carried less than 25 pounds; consequently, very appreciable quantities of sulfur are carried to the soil by some irrigation waters. The quantity varies greatly with the streams. Some waters furnish sufficient for the production of maximum irrigation crops of heavy sulfur-requiring plants, other waters would not carry sufficient quantities yet would assist in maintaining the sulfur content of the soil. The principal streams of the Cache Valley region, Cub River, Logan River, and Little Bear River, where the sulfur content of the soil is low, carry only small quantities of sulfur.

Now, if we assume that the sulfur brought to Cache Valley soils annually in the precipitation is 9.5 pounds per acre and 7 pounds per acre annually in the irrigation water (the actual quantity found in the Logan River water, which is used on some of these soils), there would be an annual gain of 16.5 pounds. Where the Cub River water is used on these soils there would be an annual gain of only 12.5 pounds. Where barnyard manure is used another pound would be added with each ton of manure. It is, therefore, likely that the sulfur brought to the soil annually by precipitation, irrigation water, and manure would be about sufficient to account for the annual removal in such crops as wheat, oats, barley, corn, peas, and sugar-beets. When crops like alfalfa are grown, the incoming sulfur would not be sufficient to supply half the sulfur removed in the crop. From these results it may be concluded that where alfalfa is grown sulfur may become a limiting element in some of the Cache Valley soils, and that at a not-far-distant date, a conclusion which would likewise apply to sulfur-poor soils in other parts of the United States.

In all of the preceding calculations no account has been taken of the sulfur lost in drain waters. The data compiled by Joffe show an annual loss of from 8 to 281 pounds of sulfur in the drainage water. The quantity lost would vary with the kind of soil, the amount of precipitation, the system of cropping, and the methods of cultivation.

If it is assumed that the annual loss from drainage is 15 pounds, the quantity found by Jones lost from some of the sulfur-poor soils of Oregon, and that the annual gain is 7 pounds that brought to the soil of the Central Experiment Station (Greenville) per acre in the irrigation waters and 9.5 pounds in the precipitation, there would

be 1.5 pounds per acre annually to supplement the native soil sulfur. Even with crops requiring only small quantities of sulfur this would not meet their need; and with some other crops, alfalfa, for example, it would be an insignificant quantity. Consequently, these results point to the conclusion that some of the Cache Valley soils will ultimately become deficient in sulfur. The time required for this to become evident will vary with the specific soil, the nature and the size of the crop grown, and the quantity of manure returned to the soil.

From what has been said, it is evident that the sulfur cycle can be summarized as follows: Sulfur is a vital constituent of the bodies of all plants and animals and as these are burned, putrefy, or decay, the sulfur finds its way into the atmosphere. This is washed from the atmosphere in the rain and snow. In the soil the products are worked over by bacteria and combined with the bases to yield sulfates. These may be taken up by the growing plant or leached out by the waters and wander to the sea. The quantity of sulfates in the sea is enormous and one may well wonder why the sea is not mainly a sulfate solution. It is because sulfates are continually being reduced to sulfides. These react with iron and there results iron sulfide; or they may react with calcium and, as the water evaporates, deposits of gypsum result. From these, possibly through bacterial action, there is produced sulfur.

The sulfur used by the growing plant is built into the plant tissue. This may be used by the animal and become a part of its tissue. The sulfur of the plant and animal tissue may be liberated through combustion, putrefaction, or decay, and again starts on its journey. Thus, a large part of the sulfur of the world is continually changing from sulfite to sulfate with local reversions to native sulfur and often to organic sulfur and back to sulfide and sulfate.

What Great Men Have Said About The Bible

"The Bible is the best book God has given to man."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

"I am sorry for the man who does not read the Bible every day."
—*Woodrow Wilson.*

"I remember the time when at my mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I learned to lisp the phrases of the Scriptures. If there is anything in my life to be commended, the credit is due to my parents in instilling into my mind the sacred Scriptures."—*Daniel Webster.*

"No one can justly claim to be educated, who is not familiar with the Bible's contents."—*General Francis Green*, West Point, upon presenting each graduate with a Bible.

Out of Work

By Daniel Connelly

[The following ideas are commended to all young men. The main thought that we get out of them is that in youth there is need of learning to save; that in early life they should devote their efforts to prepare for their future financial, as well as moral and spiritual welfare: that they should have an economic vision of the future, and that there is little good they can do for themselves and theirs, their neighbors, or the nation in general, if they are not well founded financially. It is difficult, however, for the ordinary workman to lay up enough means during his working years to make himself useful and contented in the years when age creeps on and his jobs fail him. Hence, provisions for help for the faithful workers are being considered by great corporations and organizations, through reasonable recompense, through encouragement in saving, through insurance, and through other means of having them accumulate a modest competence during the years of their ability to earn. Investment in first-class non-speculative organizations, in savings banks, and well established building associations, are reasonably safe, and a sound means to this end. The people who are at the head of these organizations, however, should be carefully considered. Save persistently and regularly, while you are earning. It will help you, if you are a job worker or a salary slave, to get out of that position and become reasonably independent.—*Editors.*]

I HAD almost called this, Work, where art thou? That would not have been true, however, as there is work to be done, much of it. Would it only materialize for us out-of-work people, for we are assured that for everyone seeking there is a job! It will be well, as a reminder, to tell briefly a little of my experience. To those who understand, it will be a two-sided picture.

I am 64. Young man, you will be that some day: Sixty-four cannot compete under all circumstances with 22. Modern business says it cannot. Fifty-three years of my 64, I have worked at jobs, not positions. Young friends, for a great many years to come the development of Utah, or your State, will be mainly accomplished by men who are manly men, capable and willing to tackle jobs, handling them competently and successfully. You will have to be men whose brains and bodies function manfully. Men who think honest thoughts to a successful finish.

My jobs have been varied, and their variety has been as spice mixed with their dull monotony. I stayed with them long enough, normally, to know their worth and their relationship to the whole. In that acquired knowledge I found the main spring of my pleasurable satisfaction.

Boys, this is a mechanical age; are you being taught that you will probably be a wheel in the wonderful machine that goes to make up the gigantic thing known as modern industry? As you will see the wheel go round and round, day in and day out, is your training of such a nature that your reactions to that training are going to bring you the joys of achievement, or the dull apathy and sombre outlook of the misfit? Or will you be content to be just a cog in the wheel? Not if you keep thinking right thoughts thoughtfully. This attitude of mind will make you wise, and the truly wise see and

find pleasant aspects in all the realities. The measure of the comprehension of the realism of things is what makes up the sum of your capacity to enjoy and to use the wisdom you may acquire.

I trusted that, knowing and sensing the above facts and measurably acting them out in my 53 years of toiling, that 64 would find me recompensed, at least in the necessities of existence, so that grim want would not show its ugly, repulsive, hungry visage near me or mine. I had never sought wealth nor luxury, had learned, in fact, to know that the handler of jobs, under the present system of life's practicability, hardly ever gets beyond a sufficiency for the day and for week to week.

I wondered if this was an immutable law of life, unchangeable and omnipotent in its workings and results! If so, how about my young brethren? Would any philosophy reconcile them? Would any recital of my experiences, or by anyone or many, soften the harshness or smooth the path of the ever-growing multitudes of the 22 or over? Would their religion explain it, or offer an antidote? Would it point out the way or furnish a panacea? Would it solve the problem? go to the root of the evils of the present? give a just, quiet freedom from harrassment to old 62, with the wisdom that comes then and the peace, happiness and joy that 53 years of labor deserves? May it so do to you; then what a glorious task is in front of you, right in front! It hasn't brought this to me. Not because true religion cannot meet and solve all the varied conditions of living, but partly because I am one in a million, and I and my religion are but units of two with their proportionate influence. The power to alter or change is of just that much importance or weight, even with God on my side, as he does respect the agency of his children.

And so, young men of the Mutual, if you want to be on the safe side of the ragged edge of poverty, think over these "thumbnail" sketches of things as they are in this work-a-day world.

If you will think back to and of the purpose and objective of the inauguration of your organization, and let all the units mutually cooperate in doing their share in improving the environments of life, here and now, when you reach the 52nd or 64th milestone of your life's journey, you will not find yourselves like me, out of a job—wanting a job, and Oh, so badly needing a job, and yet, cannot get one.

And I further wonder if our young men will realize that their work and mission is to inject and fasten on the inter-relations of life the vital living forces that will always, and without fail, harmonize our business with and to each other, put a soul where it is needed, so that righteousness, right doing, may prevail.

A Unique Utah Tree

By Prof. Frank R. Arnold, U. A. C.

A TREE beloved by game birds and deer, by Utah pioneers, poets and fireplace worshipers, that is by all home-loving folks, is the mountain mahogany, or *cercocarpus ledifolius.* Just as the oleander and the olive tie France to the Mediterranean, Spain and Africa, so the mahogany in Utah occupies the middle country between the north and the south and thus links the yellow pine of Arizona with the white pine of Idaho, though it invades Arizona far more than it does Idaho. Your first impression on seeing the low groves on the steep mountain side, at heights from five thousand to nine thousand feet, is that you are looking at an olive grove. Same gray bark in the young trees, same sturdy, gnarled individuality in the old, and the same grayish, green leaves. But as you draw near you get faint elusive puffs of an aromatic perfume, if the sun is strong, and you see that the leaves, though leather-like, are smaller than those of the olive, and the bark of old trees has furrows often an inch deep. All the same, if you want to find a Mount of Olives in the Wasatch Mountains you can easily create illusions for yourself with this tree.

It is the most distinctive tree in the Wasatch and when you make its acquaintance you meet something as unique as the ghinko tree of the cypripodium. Although the groves of mahogany are to be found in the altitudes usually above five thousand feet, still as an ornamental shrub it is to be met in nurseries at slightly lower elevations. The leather-like leaves stay on until the second year and have revolute margins. The trees rarely grow higher than half stunted apple trees and are apt to sprawl in old age like California sycamores.

The akene has a tail-like lengthened style clothed in pale or tawny hairs which take on a corkscrew effect in autumn and are eriophilous enough for Maeterlink or Havelock Ellis to call their parent stem a human being. The wood is very hard, of so close a grain you can't count the rings in its red heart, as red as mesquite and surrounded with white sap wood, which when bruised or injured immediately bleeds into a mahogany hue. The specific gravity of the wood is 1.0371. Closely related to the cercocarpus ledifolius is the cercocarpus parvifolius but the latter has deciduous leaves with toothed edges.

It is because of its many uses that the tree was beloved by Utah pioneers. You may think that the best wood for a fireplace is old

apple tree logs but that's because you don't know mountain mahogany, which burns as long as coal, far better than soft coal, and holds the fire as long as hard coal. Even today the Utah farmer who can get a load of mountain mahogany thinks he has the ideal fire wood and he can still get it, if he will go into the hills for it, as it is to be found on all the hills around Bear Lake in the north and in the south on the head waters of the Virgin. To cut it you have to use an axe with a thick edge, nick the tree all the way round and then break. It is too hard for turning as it will keep you constantly sharpening your tools but it takes such a glass-like polish that it is sometimes used in high school woodwork classes for inlays, candle sticks and napkin rings. Dr. William Jardine, former Secretary of Agriculture, and his brother, when they rode the range as boys in southern Idaho, used to make canes of the wood and give them to their college friends. They would cut them from young growth, polish them with sandpaper and leave them near the fire over night to take on a mahogany shade, just as in Brittany the sabot maker after he has measured your foot for a pair of wooden shoes and gouged them out of a block of beech wood will set them in the fireplace over night to give them a reddish-brown tinge and a bucolic perfume that they never lose. The Utah pioneers were accustomed also to use the mountain mahogany as runners on their winter sleds, working the wood down with an adze. You can still find them in Summit county in Utah, though in other counties the pioneer often thought that mountain maple was tougher and less likely to break. However, the mahogany runners took on

A Veteran Mahogany Tree in the Wasatch Range

a marvelous patina with use and children especially used them on their sleds for coasting, sleds that they called "go-devils," and that men who had not joined the Latter-day Saint faith designated as "Mormon bobs." The wood also makes valuable charcoal for smelting silver ore. Deer get shelter in winter in the mahogany groves and browse on the leaves and small branches. The blue grouse, or pine hen, also feeds on the leaves in winter and even sometimes in summer you'll find their crop full of mahogany leaves.

The poetical connotations of the tree are as infinite as human imagination. If Maeterlink could see the seeds, he would have a new chapter for his *Intelligences of Flowers.* When you see the long, feathery, glistening styles of the akenes in September you can easily believe that some wood nymph is concealed within and is shaking out her hair, so soft and silky has the whole tree surface become. When you catch the faint perfume of the leaves distilled by the hot sun, for the tree loves the sun and grows open and scrawny so that each leaf may have its place in the sun, then you think instinctively of Morocco or the azure coast of France where the mimosa, especially the Farnese variety, distils from its yellow pincushion flowers a perfume as unforgettably unique and pleasing as that of the mountain mahogany. You can't get the perfume from the crushed leaves of the mahogany. The tree nymph must shake it out for you in small faint whiffs.

In many ways the mahogany solves the problem of how to change cattle and sheep range into forest on our western national forests, which are more likely to be grazing grounds than genuine forests. Every mahogany tree has a clan of seedlings all around it which are easy to transplant. They will not develop so fast as the Douglas fir and the yellow pine, but like all slowly maturing trees they are worth waiting for. They will grow on dry rocky hillsides where only sage and Indian paint brush flourish. All Western forests to which the tree is native should have large plantations of it if they are to attain their maximum development, for both cattle and deer browse on the mahogany and it supplies firewood that needs no protective screen in the fireplace and that lasts all night. In short, the mahogany furnishes a rare combination of range browse and forest tree.

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;

Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain,
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

"EVOLUTION," BY JOHN BANISTER TABB.

The Atlantic's Landless Highway

By Robert Sparks Walker

FROM Florida to Maine the Atlantic Ocean promises to become a very popular landless highway. Year after year the steamers there are competing with the automobiles as a route for tourists and business men. Already thousands of people are using the ocean in preference to land, and it has its silver charms and its golden advantages.

At present, the longest route uninterrupted by stops gives one about four days of solid traveling from the South Atlantic shores to Boston, with no sight of land short of Long Island. But like a reddish-green bank rising in the distance to the west and northwest, Long Island slips modestly out of the sea, while whales frequently entertain the tourist with spouting water.

However, long before land is sighted, and scarcely is the journey well begun, floating jelly fish become numerous, and as these lose their interest, porpoises in schools of five or more challenge the steamer for frequent races. They come bounding and leaping, reminding the observer of the behavior of a pet racoon, and presto, they are directly in front of the steamer, racing as if there was a huge purse at stake. The prow of the promenade deck becomes the choicest grand stand seat from which to observe the movements of these skillful swimmers. As they twist and flip their bodies in cutting many sorts of aquatic stunts, the various slants of light influence their natural brownish color, and every now and then one of them leaps into the air, passing entirely over a brother in whose tracks he has tired of swimming. Onward they move, displaying a jolly good mood, and then apparently, just for entertainment and for demonstration of his swimming ability, one lusty fellow flops over on his back and swims for miles with such speed and grace that the lover of aquatic feats feels that, after all, it would not be so bad to be an humble porpoise!

On and on the jolly crowd moves until the fun of racing has lost its thrill. Then a sudden plunge to the right or to the left, and the steamer again ploughs through the salty water alone. However, soon another school of porpoises, tired of the monotony of the sea, hears the steamer, and behold another race is on!

As the vessel moves on, flying fish take part in the program, and dart into the air, sailing gracefully for a safe distance, when they plunge headlong into a strong billow, and all is over.

Such is a part of the program enacted in the front of a steamer on the Atlantic Ocean near our coast. But at the stern of the ship an equally attractive program is taking place. There a flock of Mother Carey's Chickens (Wilson Petrels) follow with outstretched wings, alighting on the water whenever they spy scraps of food floating in the wake of the vessel.

These petrels are remarkable birds. In fact, when in flight one of them creates the impression that he is much larger than he really is, for when he accidentally darts against your window in the evening and you are enabled to take him in your hands while he is recovering from the stunning blow, his extremely light weight is surprising. What a curious creature he is! So void of weight that he can alight on the surface of the ocean and walk about feasting as if he were on the land. Often a number of them gather on the water about a generous gift of bread crumbs and eat until the steamer gets a half mile or farther ahead, but they are fleet on their long wings and soon are close behind, still hungry, hoping and watching for more lunch.

Had the petrel not been able to walk on the water, surely he never would have been named "Petrel." When his nomenclator saw him tripping lightly and safely over the waves he was doubtless reminded of the Biblical story of the apostle Peter walking on the water, hence the name "Petrel."

The ocean trip on the east coast of the United States is a most delightful one. Not many rough seas are encountered in the summer season, making nauseated stomachs scarce. In fact, sometimes the sea is so calm that the trip is made without a single case of seasickness. However, there is one point along the way that can not always be trusted. This is Cape Hatteras. Everybody who knows anything of the voyage distrusts the Cape. But it is not such an ogre to be dreaded after all, for it lets many steamers pass unmolested with nothing but the solemn warnings of the whistling and bell buoys.

Usually before one gets off Long Island, the petrels forsake the ship, but when the green frock of Block Island appears, the sea gulls begin to pass in front of the steamer, flying low enroute. The smacking sounds of the hundreds of gulls as they smite waves smacks the human ears as well as the water, and when each bird returns to shore with a fish, he usually flies high, probably as a safe way of guarding his prey.

From Block Island northeastwardly the trip becomes more charming. If it is in spring or summer, Martha's Vineyard will make the passenger with hiking instincts paw the floor like a restless horse, craving the opportunity to see the place on foot; for he is

sure that somewhere there abounds beautiful flowers and birds, some of which he may never have met before. But it is useless to yearn for such an experience, for the steamer has you in its embrace, and you will not be released before Boston is reached. Lobster fishermen begin entertaining you by skimming about in boats like water striders and whirling beetles gyrating on the surface of inland pools. Farther on the sailing vessels appear and, if the sun is right, a wonderful mirage looms upon the lower New England shore, which may deceive you unless some experienced seaman tells you about it.

Before the ship rounds Cape Cod, if the passenger is half human, he will agree that the most interesting phase of an ocean voyage is the crowd of passengers themselves. And here, almost everybody is well acquainted, and the crowd is one large congenial family where brotherly love has won, and where expressions of sorrow are heard for the parting that is in sight.

The passengers on such a trip represent a collection of individuals with about as varied faces, names, manners, habits, and experiences as the fish that may be caught at sea. Yonder is the school teacher who has given her best efforts and thoughts to training the youth in the South, now bound for her summer home in New England. Sauntering along the deck is the professional man with a bull dog which claims so much of his devotion that one wonders if he does not bestow more care on it than he does his family at home. There is the minister who having labored faithfully in the South is bound for a vacation somewhere near his childhood home, probably Prince Edward Island. The high school boy who has never before been on the ocean, but who is so fascinated with it that he declares that he is going to become a gallant old sea captain, is ubiquitous. Here is the old grey-bearded man who cannot reconcile himself to the behavior of the young folks of today, and who therefore proceeds to admonish them regardless of whether or not they are in a receptive mood. The typical New Englander who is so economical and frugal that, although he wears a straw hat, he still struts about wearing his heavy winter suit, is usually to be seen on deck and always at meal time. Leaning over the rail is an old man from the State of Maine whose neck has ever been a stranger to a collar. One sympathizes with the grief-stricken man who is at sea in the vain hope of losing a few sorrows forever. The lonesome middle-aged man enjoys the ocean so well that he loses a great deal of enjoyment standing and gazing into the water, wishing that all his kinsfolk were with him! This young man, one can easily imagine, is making the trip to see how many beautiful girls he is able to meet. Always in evidence is the flexible flapper who has tried to copy the sunset tints on her cheeks, and reproduce

the pokeberry's juice on her lips, and who is wholly oblivious to the beauty of the sea!

But it is an unusually fine family of folks, where charity abounds, and where brotherly love becomes quickly established. For example, a boy was taken ill one night. Two physicians on board tendered their services free of charge. A hospital nurse en route to her home in Boston begged to be permitted to give the boy attention, without cost. In fact, within a very few hours it seemed that all passengers aboard knew of the lad's illness. Women of culture and refinement insisted on being permitted to do something for him. In the morning, in the evening, and at various times during the day, crowds of passengers congregated about his stateroom to learn of his condition. Sickness tests the heart and soul, and so the parents of the little chap had more offers of sympathy and assistance from their newly made acquaintances on the ship than they would have expected had they been back home in a city where they had lived for a quarter of a century! Speaks well for the sea! There the thoughts of others run high, and a congenial crowd made up of refined people of various vocations can within a few hours become closely knitted in the bonds of friendship.

Cape Cod rounded, the golden sun going down dips into the ocean, greening up the surface in a manner that makes the passenger feel he is entering an Arctic port. The lower edge of the sun strikes the water when the great ball of fire through an optical feat is stretched out of its natural shape; as a shell-less egg, its top is mashed down and it becomes a golden elliptical contortionist! But it furnishes a remarkable scene, and soon the Pilgrim's Monument at Providence rises majestically, dignified, and solemnly, as if to affirm that no passenger can disembark without declaring his loyalty to the others, and with a renewal of a pledge of patriotism to America. And what a temptation it is for the passengers on board to form a modern Pilgrim "Gayflower Compact" and, instead of landing, float on and on and on in this newly formed friendship league!

There is no more valuable subordinate than the man to whom you can give a piece of work and then forget it, in the confident expectation that the next time it is brought to your attention it will come in the form of a report that the thing has been done. When this self-reliant quality is joined to executive power, loyalty and common sense, the result is a man whom you can trust.

On the other hand, there is no greater nuisance to a man heavily burdened with the direction of affairs than the weak-backed assistant who is continually trying to get his chief to do his work for him on the feeble plea that he thought the chief would like to decide this or that himself. The man to whom an executive is most grateful, the man whom he will work hardest and value most, is the man who accepts responsibility willingly.—GIFFORD PINCHOT.

The Possible You

By Prof. J. C. Hogensen of the Utah Agricultural College

Have you ever stopped to think for a moment, or try to look into the future, and picture in your mind the kind of person you are going to be ten, twenty or thirty years from now? If you have ever done so, did you realize that what you do *now* will determine largely just what kind of person you are going to be? Now is the time to develop habits of industry, thrift and economy which will enable you to make your mark high in the world.

Perhaps you have thought that the person which the future will bring forth as "you" just happens. I hope you have found that you may take the many little experiences of each day and weave them according to a wonderful life pattern and only you can know this pattern. Some people make nothing but hit-and-miss rugs or crazy-patch work quilts out of their lives. Others let their experience threads pile up into a big tangle or allow them to work into hard knots, and it takes them all the rest of their lives to disentangle or untie the threads. You are the one to discover the secret of your pattern and the process and the joy of working out your life design. God grant that it may be a worthy one.

As I look into the future, young men and women, I can see three possibilities for each of you. You may become the careless, shiftless one who has made a failure in life, one whom nobody cares anything about, one who has no influence in his community, one everybody shuns and points to as a "no account." If you are shiftless today, following the direction of least resistance or the easiest path; if you neglect your studies and your opportunities now, the probabilities are that you will do so in the future. You may become one of the common plodders, a good fellow, who has the respect of his associates, but who gets no farther. You are known in your town as a fellow-townsman and that is about all. Apparently that is the height of your ambition, your influence reaches no farther.

You may become one upon whom success and prosperity have smiled, one whom everybody likes, whose influence extends far and wide, one to whom everybody comes for counsel and advice because they know that your judgment is sound, one whom everybody loves, honors and respects, an influence and a power in your community and your state.

If you would attain this highest and greatest possibility, then you must start to build now a solid foundation for your life structure. Some build their lives upon a foundation of sand and, when adversity and temptations come, they fall. Others build their lives upon a solid rock foundation, and later, when the trials of life come, no matter how hard or severe those trials may be, their lives go on steadfastly to the end. Some people are like chaff, blown about by the wind this way and that way, they never get anywhere. Other people are like the solid, heavy grain. They are not moved by the winds that blow, but grow on continually and produce a good harvest of ripened grain. If you would attain the best, you must each day reach up and out a little farther. Reach up as high as you can for power and reach out as far as you can with influence. So will your power and your influence for good ever spread up and out to a greater height and to a wider range in your world of associates and fellow-workers. If you would attain the best, you must have a high ideal and so conduct yourselves that each day you come just a little nearer to your ideal. Keep

yourselves normal, shun pride and affectedness—be yourself, each of you. There is nothing that belittles one in the estimation of his fellows like affectedness. Learn to know and appreciate your surroundings. Keep your lives in tune with the infinite and the birds will inspire you with their sweet, melodious songs; the trees by their stalwart growth and majestic beauty; the shrubs, the flowers by their variety of color and sweet perfume; the very winds by their persistency and tenacity to life; the golden grain waving graciously in the breeze; the grass by its velvety green and the pleasant odor of new-mown hay. To know all is indeed a rare accomplishment. It makes one more satisfied with and appreciative of life. It makes us understand and appreciate the beauties with which God has surrounded us. It makes man see the glory of God and the majesty of his handiwork in a different light from what he was ever able to do before. It enables him to say with Shakespeare that he finds:

"Tongues in trees,
Sermons in stones,
Books in the running brooks,
And Good in everything."

And with Bryant let him say:

"Flower in the cranniest wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
And hold you here, root and all,
In my hand—little flower.
But if I could know what you are,
Root and all—and all in all,
I would know what God and man is."

And with Tennyson he can say:

"To him, who in the love of nature
Holds communion with her various forms,
She speaks a various language."

If you would attain the best, you must learn to profit by the experience of others. Experience is a dear teacher, so if you can use the experience of others you will be able to get a great deal farther in life than will be the case if you have to use your own always. Life is full of mirages, do not follow them, for they are not what they seem to be. Get the genuine, that which is true to the heart, that alone is worth following, seeking and attaining.

Young people, you are the great American hope. The future and the ultimate destiny of this country is in your hands; will you make it what it ought to be? It is your privilege, your duty and your task, to be awake, to see your opportunities, to grasp them, and then develop them to their utmost. Then will the vision of Ingersoll be realized when he said:

"I see a land of happy homes, a land where music's myriad voice is heard and lips are rich and full of love and song. A land where no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns. A land without the beggars outstretched hand, without the miser's heartless stony stare, without the piteous wail of woe. A land where labor reaps its true reward, where work and worth go hand in hand. And as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopies the land, and over all, in the deep blue of the heavens, shines the bright star of eternal hope."

Abraham Lincoln's Letter to Mrs. Bixby

Dear Madam:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrafice upon the altar of freedom.-Washington, November 21, 1864.

Mary Bassett's Bomb

By Libbie M. Travers

Mary Bassett was a platform manager for one of the largest Chautauqua bureaus in the country. Since early May she had been going from town to town on their longest circuit. Now, the third week in August, she was head over heels in work and obstacles, in the last but one of her engagements.

Among her many duties, the chief one was to secure contracts in her towns for return dates the next year—called "rebooking" in the lingo of the tent. Time was when the assets most sought in a manager were dignity, personality, platform presence, and the ability to make telling announcements and graceful introductions. In these latter days of the Chautauqua, the one outstanding question has become: "Can he put it over—can he rebook the towns?"

Fortunately, Mary Bassett had all these characteristics. She combined in her fresh, wholesome, keenly alert young person every quality that could possibly be asked by the most fastidious management. She was effective, too. It was said of her that she had rebooked every town she had visited during the summer.

But Bradley was different. Mary had made friends as usual with the committee and had formed a speaking or smiling acquaintance with every man, woman and child who came near the tent, but for some reason the contract was not forthcoming. The committee were obdurate. They were tired of guaranteeing the business of a Chautauqua bureau. Who guaranteed their business? Nobody. They took chances, and if they lost, they met their losses like men. Besides, they were tired of the work and responsibility of ticket sales, and hunting location for the tent, and putting up advertising—oh, everything connected with the enterprise. They were even tired of the programs—dragging out on hot summer afternoons and evenings to hear music they couldn't appreciate, plays they didn't enjoy, and lectures that bored them to extinction.

Mary skillfully countered every such argument, but to no avail. The last day arrived and the contract was still a blank. Worst of all, the speaker of the afternoon, a man of note who was the star attraction of the whole week, was sick in bed at the hotel and could not possibly appear.

But Mary was game—and resourceful. She arranged with the music company for a fifteen-minute extension of their time, and then went to the platform herself for half an hour of what she called a "pep" talk. Home, school, church, Chautauqua, and other educational, uplifting agencies—all came in for a share in Mary's eulogy. Even the victrola and the radio, which she knew are partially responsible for the decline of the Chautauqua spirit, were extolled. Appreciation of educational values—that was her emphasis. The audience was held spell-bound, for Mary's whole captivating self was in the talk. She closed with an appeal to the elder members of the assembly to provide for "these youngsters, who are looking eagerly into my face as I talk" the best of everything you can bring to them—the best music, the best information, the highest ideals, the cleanest entertainment, the most wholesome amusement. Nothing new or startling in the talk, nothing especially profound or eloquent. Just truth, and just Mary.

When she finished, the chairman of the Chautauqua committee arose from

his seat in the audience and said:

"Folks, we've been saying we don't want a Chautauqua, and I confess I've been a leader against it, but I'm wrong. We do want a Chautauqua. They say Miss Bassett has rebooked every town she has been in this summer, and we don't want to be behind other communities. If Chautauqua's good for them, it's good for us, and I'm ready to be the first man to sign the contract. How many men here will join me?"

The six other members of the committee arose instantly, then others, singly, by two's, by three's all over the audience, until the chairman said:

"That will do. There are 20 or more of you, and that's enough. That number insures little loss to each. Here, Miss Bassett, let me have that blank."

In less than ten minutes the thing was done. Twenty men had signed, and the document had been turned over to Miss Bassett, whose flaming cheeks and sparkling eyes gave emphasis to her words of thanks.

At the close of the session, a number of people gathered about the platform manager to commend her speech and to express the hope that she could be with them the next year. Among the number was a minister, who grasped her hand as he said earnestly:

"Miss Bassett, you have done this community more good in half an hour than we ministers can do in a month of sermons."

"Oh! you praise me too highly, Reverend Smith," she urged.

"No, I'm not flattering you. I am sincere," the minister returned. Then in a tone half apologetic, "May I ask, Miss Bassett, to what denomination you belong?"

There was an instant's hesitation as Miss Bassett flashed a quick glance over the assembled group, but it was only an instant. Looking Reverend Smith squarely, courageously, appealingly in the eye, she said simply:

"I am a Mormon."

A stir, like an electric shock, ran through the people who heard. They tried to seem natural and unchanged, but their enthusiasm was gone. They made their adieus and slipped away as quietly and quickly as was seemly. Soon Miss Bassett stood alone, looking curiously after her retreating admirers. She heaved a sigh—or something as near like a sigh as her sunny nature ever perpetrated.

"It's a funny world," she said in an undertone, as she gathered up her note books and papers and prepared to leave the platform.

At the top of the steps she paused a moment, a gleeful look swept over her face, and she uttered a triumphant "Ha!" as she flourished aloft her contract with the twenty responsible names on the dotted line.

Now to say that I do not enjoy the volition of my own will just as much when I pray as when I swear is a false principle. It is false ground. The man who swears has no more freedom and acts no more on his own will than the man who prays. The man who yields strict obedience to the will of heaven acts upon the volition of his own will and exercises his own freedom just as much as when he was a slave to passion; and I think it is much better and more honorable for us, whether children or adults, youthful, middle-aged or old, it is better to live by and better to die by, to have our hearts pure, and to yield strict obedience to the principles of life which the Lord has revealed than to be a slave to sin and wickedness. All that the Lord requires of us is strict obedience to the laws of life.—*Brigham Young.*

Another Story of Achievement

On May 19, 1929, President Heber J. Grant dedicated the Dimond ward chapel in Oakland, California. This is one of the wards of the San Francisco stake and deserves notice because of what its members have accomplished. Barely five years before this dedication took place, the Sunday School was organized. One year later, May 17, 1925, it became a branch of the California mission. When the San Francisco stake was organized, July 10, 1927, the Dimond ward became one of its units. The ward chapel was commenced January 9, 1929, and on May 18, four months and nine days later, was completed, paid for and ready for dedication. All labor was donated, and dinner was served every night to the workers during the construction. The cost of the building, completed and furnished, was $35,000. No wonder there are so many smiling faces in this group.

Bishop Thomas H. Robinson, his counselors and co-workers are to be congratulated on their achievement.

Our readers will readily pick out President Grant, with Sister Grant nearby on his left.

PRESIDENT AND MRS. HEBER J. GRANT WITH THE BISHOPRIC AND SUNDAY SCHOOL OF THE DIMOND WARD, SAN FRANCISCO STAKE, AT THE DEDICATION OF THEIR NEW WARD CHAPEL, MAY 19, 1929.

From Within

By Will Dobson

"So at last we are ready to act," Bryce Van Wyck finished. There was satisfaction in his tone.

"And Peace Day is the time," Jim Sherman added.

"Just a week from tomorrow," Van Wyck affirmed.

Van Wyck, whose prematurely whitening hair lent distinction to his powerful frame and aggressive features, had achieved fame as the most influential figure in Wall Street. Jim Sherman, well known railroad magnate from the Middle West, whose lean, dyspeptic aspect hid an amazing capacity for organization, was no less potent. These two, with the other six seated about the table, represented a staggering total of invested billions. Van Wyck seemed to be chairman of the meeting. There was no secretary. Apparently, the deliberations were not of the sort that should be reduced to writing.

They were in the office of Preferred Industrials, a corporation so little known that an accurate account of its activities and holdings would have astounded the financial world. Small, struggling corporations gladly pay for publicity. Preferred Industrials shunned it. Its inconspicuous office was hidden among hundreds of others on the ninth floor of the Hanna Building, in a crowded section of New York's financial district.

It was nearing midnight. The business of the evening had been finished, but was still the subject of informal discussion.

"It is estimated that all of six hundred thousand people will be gathered at the capital for the Peace Day program," Van Wyck stated. "This president from the deserts of the Wild West seems to hypnotize the mob. They flock like sheep to hear his fanatical rot. Ought to be a radio announcer. In fact, his radio campaign, and nothing else, put him in the White House. But it can't keep him there, thank heaven."

"Elected a voice for president!" Jim Sherman betrayed the bitter recollection of a disastrous presidential campaign. "His Peace Day speech will be relayed to every broadcasting station in the nation. A big day for this hog-caller!"

"A big day for Vice-president Marshall," Van Wyck meditated, "when he becomes President Marshall."

"If nothing slips," the canny Sherman amended.

"Nothing will slip," Van Wyck asserted with finality.

"But if he suspects," Howard Ware, the world's richest pessimist, objected. "Suppose he is shadowing us."

"When he winks an eye, it is reported to me," Van Wyck stated flatly. "He doesn't suspect and he isn't trailing us. The entire personnel of the secret service is on our payroll. We have them watching not only him, but each other."

"And his wife?" Ware persisted.

"And his wife," Van Wyck answered. "We are taking absolutely no chances."

"Ought to work out according to plan," the cautious Ware conceded.

"It will," Van Wyck replied with emphasis. We have spent close to a year and very nearly ten million dollars on this reorganization—as we'll call it. Every detail has been worked out with mathematical precision. As I have already explained, we will let this 'Cowboy President' reach the climax of his Peace Day speech; then the confusion of the final applause and

the breaking up of the crowd will enable us to create a panic that will cover our every movement. Nothing can be traced. All clues will be lost, swallowed up in the milling mob. The instant this gunman, 'Bearcat Benny,' has done his part, he will drop in his tracks, his gun still smoking in his hands. Two of Chicago's specialists have been imported to take care of that."

Van Wyck went on, "This will divert suspicion from the president's bodyguard, keep Bearcat Benny from doublecrossing us later on, and rid the earth of a criminal who should have been in the electric chair long ago."

"But how about Marshall? You're sure we'll have no trouble with him?" the apprehensive Ware asked.

"We have Marshall where he can't squirm," Van Wyck answered with a grim smile. "He'll be good. Under him the administration will return to sanity. Enough senatorial statesmen and congressional patriots have been taken care of so that no laws can be passed over Marshall's veto. This has been the most expensive item in our operations, but it's worth the money."

"Then," sighed Ware dolefully, "I hope the infernal gloom that has blanketed Wall Street ever since this Robert Lansing's inauguration will be lifted."

"Inauguration was when we should have acted," Jim Sherman growled savagely. "This moralizing Mussolini of ours wasn't nearly so strong. This wouldn't have caused half the fuss that it will now. I said so at the time."

"I know," Van Wyck acknowledged. "You were right. But I had hoped to avoid extreme measures. I thought we could deal with Lansing. They all have their price—the others. But he fooled me. Doesn't seem human. Our best laid plan couldn't dent that fanatic's stubborn prejudice."

"He'll listen to the argument of an automatic," Sherman snarled.

"This plan of ours," Van Wyck admonished, "we must supervise ourselves. It is practically automatic as worked out, and yet we must take double precautions. The final details can be discussed on the morning set, at some appointed place at the capital to be determined later. Are there any questions?"

There were none.

"There seems to be nothing more, then," he announced after a brief pause. "We are adjourned."

"Hands up!"

The sharp command cut through the stir of adjournment with startling suddenness. An unmasked intruder stood back of the chair Van Wyck had just vacated. The two wicked looking automatics in his hands were convincing. The hands went up.

"Line up!" With an awkward shuffling a ragged line was formed.

"Back against the wall!" The line backed.

"You there," one wicked looking muzzle pointed to Van Wyck, "take two steps this way." Van Wyck obeyed.

"Now then," the bandit addressed the group in a threatening tone, "keep the hands well up. Don't get me nervous." With a moment's grim survey of the dejected looking line, as if to see that his words sank in, he pocketed one automatic while his left hand explored Van Wyck's clothing. First satisfying himself that his victim had no weapons concealed on him, he appropriated a fat wallet and let him step back into line while another took his place. He was succeeded by another, and so on until all had been searched and relieved of their pocket books.

"Huh!" the robber grunted his contempt. "Not a gun in the bunch. You're the kind that hire their work done."

Eight rifled pocket books lay on

the table. Their contents, mostly bills with lovely yellow backs, had disappeared into various pockets of the bandit's cheap blue serge suit. Again both guns were trained on the gloomy line. There came an uncomfortable pause. Their captor seemed to be studying. The silence seemed age-long while he was making up his mind.

"Open that door back of you," he commanded Hammond at last. The door was opened, disclosing a closet. It had only the one outlet.

"Just the thing," the gunman growled with evident satisfaction. "Crowd in. Go on—shove in! I've no time to waste."

The tiny room was a tight fit for eight. The jamming process took time. Van Wyck, the last one in, had seemed to loiter deliberately.

"Hey, you!" the impatient yegg admonished him, "what do you think this is, a plumber's reunion?"

The heavy fireproof door, built to protect records, slammed on the gloomy group. The light switch was outside, so they were left in a suffocating black night. To sit would have been impossible, even had there been anything to sit on.

"Sweet time ahead!" Hammond grunted sourly. "Say, Van, where is that ring of guards you were supposed to have around this place?"

The light of day would have shown a furtive gleam of amusement in Van Wyck's eye, showing that he did not share the general gloom.

"Still around it, I hope, Jim," he answered mildly.

"Hmph!" Hammond snorted. "A hundred men and can't keep out a common holdup!"

"Was he a common holdup," Van Wyck queried, "Suppose he was a smooth detective."

"Detective!" Hammond howled as if he had been stung. "Why, you just got through telling us we were not suspected!"

As if in answer to this outburst, there came the sound of the turning of the spring lock on the closet door. The door was opened, disclosing a panting guard.

"Good work, Hart!" Van Wyck complimented. "I call that service."

"Mr. Barlow sent me as soon as he got your signal, sir," Hart answered as soon as he got his breath. "They're all on the lookout, inside and out."

Van Wyck took time to explain to his mystified friends with a smile of satisfaction: "I was able to push the alarm button while you were all crowding in."

Hart's eyes bulged at the sight on the table. Van Wyck was already at the telephone.

"You, Barlow?" he demanded. "Caught anyone yet? * * * Yes; held us up. Keep that line tight. Begin a search of the building. I'll be right down."

Barlow met Van Wyck at the elevator door in the basement. There was suppressed excitement in his manner.

"Tried to call you again, Mr. Van Wyck. Think we've got him. Come and look at this bird." He led his chief back to a supply room in the rear. They found a prisoner handcuffed to a guard.

"That's the man!" Van Wyck exclaimed with a vast relief. "He's changed his clothes, but it's the lad. Where did you pick him up?"

"At this hour," Barlow explained, "the janitors are emptying the waste baskets. This egg, it seems, ties the tenth-floor janitor in a closet and takes his coveralls and cap. Then he loads the big cans of waste paper on that floor onto the freight elevator and shoots down to the basement with 'em. The boys pick him up the minute they spot him. There's a chute for waste paper. A regular janitor would know it. He'd dump it down the chute."

"Find anything on him?"

"A wicked pair of weapons, some keys and things."

"Better have the boys take a look around. He cleaned us out."

"I'll see to it myself."

"No; you and I have something more important to do." He led Barlow into another room.

"It's possible this holdup covers something worse—worse for us. I'm afraid this man was here to shadow us. We will assume that at any rate. We must take no chances. We shouldn't lose a second getting him out of reach of his aides, just in case he has aides. They would likely have instructions where to look for him if he doesn't return to them within a certain time. We must get him away from here at once; in fact, get him beyond the twelve-mile limit. We're not safe as long as he is within the jurisdiction of the Federal government. I have a steamer, the Orion, clearing for Rio in a few hours. We must get him aboard."

Fifteen minutes later, Van Wyck's powerful car shot out from behind the Hanna Building and turned its nose toward the docks, making a sleepy policeman sidestep as it sped through the almost empty streets. In it were Van Wyck, his driver, Barlow, the fake janitor and two guards.

"I set the boys looking for the kale," Barlow told his employer.

"Right," Van Wyck answered absently. "We can just make the dock in time if nothing stops us."

"Say!" The man in coveralls suddenly demanded, seeming to realize for the first time that he was not on his way to jail. "Where's this bus taking me? You can't get away with stuff like this. I got my friends. They don't stand for nothin' like this."

"Don't worry, friend," Van Wyck assured him. "A pleasant sea voyage and a nice long rest won't hurt you. You'll love it."

It was the day before Peace Day. Van Wyck had found a room in a quiet Washington hotel. He went to the telephone.

"Hello; Jim?" He had called another modest inn. "Be over in a few minutes. I've some good news."

Hammond was in his room waiting. He met Van Wyck at the door.

"I can see it's good news," he greeted his friend. "Must be about the janitor we sent on his vacation."

"It is," Van Wyck rejoiced. "More than just good. I have never decoded a more comforting message. Here, read it yourself." He handed Hammond a typed memorandum.

"Passenger listed by your special instructions under the name of John Smith swept overboard in fog last night stop attempts at rescue futile." It was signed by the captain of the steamship Orion.

Passing it back, Hammond looked at his friend thoughtfully for a moment.

"Good as far as it goes," he pronounced. "One of the casualties of this war of ours. We had to do it."

"It goes a long way, Jim. You'll say so when I tell you what goes with it."

"Shoot. What does?"

"I had them fingerprint him and send me the prints. That was an escaped lifer named Charley Pace. He belonged in Joliet."

"Great!" Hammond rejoiced. "That cleans the slate for action tomorrow. He was not on our trail at all."

"I feel safer with him at the bottom of the Atlantic," Van Wyck confessed. "He'll tell no tales."

"The only place for him," Hammond agreed callously. "We can't help a few casualties."

"No; but I'll be glad when we're through," Van Wyck sighed. "I don't like them."

"Now Van, don't get sentimental," Hammond chided. "The main casualty is yet to come. You can't afford to get soft-hearted until after tomorrow."

"Don't worry, Jim," Van Wyck

assured his friend, "I had all the sentiment knocked out of me long before I came of age. Heaven knows I was soft-hearted enough as a boy. But it didn't fit into my particular life plans. When casualties are necessary, casualties go."

"That's the talk," Hammond approved. "You're in charge of this civil war of ours. No lettting down now."

"Nothing could turn me from it," Van Wyck declared positively. We are to seize the most powerful government the world has ever known. It appeals to my imagination."

"Absolutely!" Hammond applauded. "What are a few casualties?"

It was early morning of that impressive national anniversary, Peace Day. Van Wyck had just dismissed his colleagues from their final meeting. He stood now surveying himself before a mirror.

"That will have to do," he told himself. "I must avoid anything that looks like a deliberate disguise."

The loose, cheap-looking single-breasted coat and baggy trousers he had donned were in such utter contrast to his usual faultless attire as hardly to need the ragged white stubble on his chin and the somewhat battered hat over his eyes to make his disguise almost complete. When he assumed a slouching pose the effect was all he could ask.

"Not one chance in a thousand," he thought, of being seen by anyone who knows me—not in the part of the crowd where I am to be stationed."

In the gathering throng and wedged between jostling shoulders of men mostly taller than himself, he felt safer than ever. He had other feelings, too, unaccustomed feelings, these. It was his first contact in years at such close quarters with men who sweat for their living. He now saw his fellow-citizens from a new angle. The close physical contact awakened dim, unsuspected herd instincts. He felt most powerfully drawn and held to this swaying, murmuring jam of humans. An unaccountable sense of adventure possessed him, and a feeling of buoyant, irresponsible youth. It was hard to keep his mind on the day's work. He realized that a great event depended on his nod—that he must keep himself in hand, alert for every detail of the task. What he had to do was perfectly simple. It had been well planned and carefully rehearsed. It was in such competent hands that he felt no doubt of its success. It was now merely a matter of seeing that certain ones were posted at certain points in readiness for a certain signal at a certain moment, and that when he gave the signal they obeyed. He studied the crowd until he was sure every man was in his place and had seen him. The crowd was becoming as dense as he desired. Every factor seemed favorable.

By standing on tiptoe, Van Wyck could manage to look out over the heads of the crowd. He could see and be seen clearly enough for his purpose. So he was content to remain hidden in his place, having no interest in the parade and other features of the Peace Day program. It was more interesting to listen to the murmur of conversation about him.

Two Westerners just in front of him were especially interesting. They proved to be father and son. The father's stature was such that he could easily look out over the heads of the crowd, but the son's head and shoulders towered yet higher above the sea of faces, like a sunburned, wind-tanned human lighthouse.

"There he is!" Van Wyck heard the father exclaim as a vast roar of applause indicated that President Lansing had taken his place on the balcony from which he was to review the parade. "Same old Bob!" Van Wyck gathered that the speaker had known the president in the West, judged that

he must be an old friend come to visit him.

"Most bowing I ever seen Bob do," the voice resumed, after the applause had died away. "But that smile of his I'd know in Jericho. Bob must hate being cooped up in a city. Don't see how he stands it. All this noise and excitement. Especially on a day like this. Would drive me crazy."

"They learn to like it, I guess," the son responded. "They couldn't live without all this handclapping and fuss. It turns their heads."

"Not Bob's!" The father declared positively. "Never in the world. Too much of the sap of the sagebrush in his blood. He's worked too hard and lived too clean."

"Guess he's human, Dad." The young giant smiled cynically.

"Well, he might be, Bert," his father conceded thoughtfully, "but I've seen times I doubted it."

Van Wyck found the pair most interesting. They felt uncomfortable, he could see, in business suits, as well as out of place in a crowd. But to see "Bob" they would undergo anything. These products of desert sun and hardship were entirely new to Van Wyck's experience. When for a moment the son, Bert, had turned his head to gaze back over his shoulder, Van Wyck had been struck by the look of utter fearless honesty he saw. It was alien to Van Wyck's present world. It took him back to ideals of his own youth, buried many years ago.

"A boob for a day!" He told himself. "These clothes and this crowd will be the ruin of me if I don't watch my step. All sorts of fool fancies." He tried to shake off the strangely new state of mind, but it was annoyingly persistent. He found himself looking at life from a different viewpoint, that of a friend of Robert Lansing—a viewpoint that could not possibly fit in with the day's work. He resented the power these sons of the desert had over him. They put him in the wrong. It would not do.

Van Wyck could not see the parade, but as he did not care to, he contented himself with the comments on it. Before he could realize it, the other events of the day were over and the time had arrived for President Lansing's speech. Van Wyck smiled to note how the father and son in front of him stiffened to attention as if afraid some syllable of their president's words might escape them.

He knew when the president rose to his feet by the roar of applause that shook the vast assemblage. It was followed by a solemn hush. After a moment, potent with suspense, there came to Van Wyck's ears a mild and amazingly pleasant voice. Penetrating, too, a little more than a whisper, it seemed at that distance, yet it carried to his very soul with a sureness and force he could not undertsand.

"Oratory!" was his mental sneer. "Theatrical! He has a gift for sound effects." Yet, the hypnotic power of that "oratory" caught and held his rapt attention.

"My fellow-citizens," the voice began. "It is my earnest desire that my words today may come to you, not so much from the lips of your president, as from the heart of your brother. Only so can they reach into your souls and awaken the flame of your conscience.

"Today, Peace Day, belongs to one man. It is peculiarly his. That man has been called the Prince of Peace. We know him best as Jesus, the Son of Mary. We call him so because he gave us the Golden Rule: 'Do ye unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.' In these words is embodied the whole philosophy of Peace. * * * Another sentence of his contains the entire philosophy of government. Just one short saying—seven magic words. They contain the entire body of the law, merely that quiet, unassuming statement: 'The Kingdom

of God is within you.' Not new—yet, not old. Simply eternal. I would write them in the heart of every American citizen in letters of living fire.

"For in those words lies the only possible cure for the ills that afflict our political life. The cure that comes from within. * * * As your president, I have sworn to enforce the law, to uphold the sacred Constitution that stands back of the law. This I shall do to the best of my ability. And yet, after all, the burden of this enforcement is not on me, your president, but on each of you as citizens. Nor is it possible for me to relieve you of it.

"Obedience to law is from within. God himself cannot change this eternal dictum. True government is from within. Unless it be from within, you are slaves, officials are tyrants. No man can be truly free if his freedom does not come from within. He must know and live these words of Christ: 'The kingdom of God is within you.' They do not abolish the civil law. They give it the power and dignity that is its due."

So the president's words swept on, carrying that spellbound audience by an indefinable power that melted the heart, rather than by any mere human logic.

"Trying to impress the lowbrows," was Van Wyck's feeble attempt at scorn. "Doing it, too," he was forced to admit. He tried to keep his mind off the theme—to hold it to the coming drama. But he must be alert for the closing word, ready to give the fateful signal. To listen, yet not to hear—that was his problem. He laughed at himself, a child—letting this maudlin stuff affect him. Another sentence caught his ear.

"No man is indispensable; no official but can be very easily replaced. This is a corollary of democracy. The man is not important."

"Not even a president," Van Wyck thought with a smile.

"Not even a president," the voice went on, as if in answer to Van Wyck's inward thought.

"Suppose that today, for example, some powerful group among you has planned to seize this government. That to this end conspirators have decreed my assassination, that they control the secret service, even these trusted few who guard their president. Suppose that at this very moment a hired assassin stands waiting for the agreed signal, his finger on the trigger of his automatic."

These words brought a dramatic hush. The silence was electric. Breathing was suspended. The crowd seemed too tense under the strain of an impending crisis. The president stood as if really challenging an assassin.

"Dad, he knows something! There's a plot!" Van Wyck's bemused brain caught from somewhere beyond the daze that held it.

"Ssh! Listen!" came the father's monitory hiss.

"It is my serene faith," the president's voice resumed tranquilly, "that should I be carried from here today, my last breath drawn, this government of yours would still go on to a truer justice; that the American ideal would still stand supreme in your hearts; that the old corrupt order could not rule again; that you as citizens would stand invincible, freed by that ageless dictum: 'The Kingdom of God is from within.'"

Bryce Van Wyck's mind came back to earth with a jar. The speech was finished! The signal! He must give the signal! He did—an unmistakable negative.

There was an instant's silence. A ripple of applause gathered, swelled, deepened, broke at last into a mighty roar. A band began a march, but the strains were drowned in the frenzy of a magnificent ovation.

Jim Bridger Encounters Red Men

By Carter E. Grant, Principal of the Jordan Seminary

(*Note*: This is the fourth of a series of frontier narratives written by the same author. The former articles were: "In the Death Grip of the Grizzly," "On the Trail Ahead of the 'Mormons,'" and "When Jed met the Comanches." The next article will be "The First White Man to see the Great Salt Lake.")

It is said that "Buffalo Bill' (Colonel William F. Cody) was first introduced to the Wild West by "Mountain Jim," as Buffalo Bill later referred to James Bridger. He stated that Bridger knew the western portion of the United States better than any other man of his time. As if to partake of the wilderness atmosphere in its fullest extent and of savage life in particular, Jim married at least three dusky maidens, first, a Flathead; second, a Ute; and third, a trim damsel, daughter of a Snake chief.

Colonel Frank Triplett, in "Conquering the Wilderness," declares that this white chief, Bridger, also possessed a Blackfoot squaw, a mountain housewife or lodge supervisor; for during Bridger's days "not a few of the trappers followed the Indian custom of taking a plurality of wives, and such bold mountain men as Jim found no difficulty in obtaining for themselves the pick of the chief's daughters." Reverend Samuel Parker, who with Dr. Marcus Whitman arrived on the Green River as missionaries to the Indians twelve years ahead of the "Mormon" migration, writes, "in this place I parted with Captain Bridger and his party who went northeast into the mountains to their hunting grounds. The first chief of the Flatheads and his family (including Bridger's wife), with a few of his people, went with Captain Bridger." Twelve years later, 1847, when the "Whitman Massacre" occurred on the Columbia River, one of the granddaughters of this Flathead chief, "Mary Ann Bridger," then eleven years old, was attending the mission school conducted by Whitman and his wife, the half-breed girl having been sent there to be educated in the white man's ways. One of Bridger's daughters, Virginia, by a Ute mother, born in the mountains at Fort Bridger on July 4, 1849, was still well and hearty, October, 1924, when the picture was taken, found on page 476 of "James Bridger" by Alter. She was then living on her farm near Kansas City, Mo.

While the interest in matrimony is still fresh, let us read Col. Triplett's narrative regarding one of Bridger's wives. The adventurous lover, it seems, was surrounded and made prisoner, but due to the shrewdness of his dusky sweetheart, the warriors with their threatening hatchets were turned from the empty lodge of their escaped prisoner. Here follows the singular tale:

"Bridger's visit to the village had been made for the sake of a bright-eyed and handsome young squaw, who had returned with interest the sudden affections of the young white trapper. When he was taken captive to the lodge, she at first determined to hasten to the blockhouse and notify his comrades so that they might demand his release, but fearing an attack in which some of her relations might be killed, and during which her lover would certainly be assassinated, she chose the wiser course of endeavoring to effect his release herself.

"This she felt would be an easy matter when she found that owing to a division of counsels the discussion would be prolonged until late in the night. Making her way as noiselessly

as possible toward the lodge, she discovered a sentinel posted before its door. Crouching almost to the earth, she crept away, and from another quarter crawled to the back of the tent. where, after satisfying herself that she had not been seen or heard by the warrior on guard, she cut a long slit in the buffalo skin curtain and entered the lodge. Here she found Bridger tugging away at his bonds, and placing her hand over his mouth to prevent an exclamation, she cut the rawhide thongs and motioned for him to follow her.

"Slowly and silently they emerged from the tent and stole away from the village, and here, after some counsel as to the best way to avoid the sentinels and pursuit that would soon be made, she left him. Before parting, however, she agreed that whether there was peace or war between her people and his, she would meet him in a certain grove of pinions at the base of a distant peak which she pointed out.

" 'After one hundred moons (meaning days), I will meet you there,' she said; then holding her to his breast a moment, the trappper tore himself away and vanished down the steep cliffs. When out of sight, the Blackfoot maiden stole leisurely back into the village and was soon slumbering in her paternal lodge. The sequel to this little romance was Bridger's marriage, after the Indian fashion, with the young squaw, who was afterward able to render many favors and benefits to the white men.

"As the fall drew on, his brother trappers noticed that Bridger was looking ahead to some important event, and keeping a notch-stick with unusual assiduity, and at last when this was pretty nearly filled with the triangular marks, Bridger saddled his horse, and leading another, set out for the mountains, bearing toward a certain towering peak that loomed up above its fellows like Saul amongst his brother Israelites. On the fifth day after starting out, Bridger came into camp, followed by his Blackfoot bride, his horses evidently having seen quite a hard time, but the young people looked radiant and happy."

We are told that when it was necessary to match the savages tricky maneuvering, Jim could move as slyly as the most wily moccasined red man; still, given an opportunity for open war-fare, he invariably proved himself as fearless. Each mode of war procedure, so Bridger found, was a necessary prerequisite to the mountainman's preservation. Men, yes, brave and strong! But those coming into the western wilderness and refusing, "Braddock-like," to learn to scrimmage among trees, rocks and bushes, soon forfeited their scalps to the thirsty Blackfeet or the deceitful Utes, who, after stripping their victims naked, very often mutilated the bodies. Of such an outrage on the Oregon Trail, William S. Brackett in "Bonneville and Bridger" writes, "The last Sunday in June was a bright and peaceful day. Our men were cleaning up their arms, saddles and equipment. Quite a number of our best shots had gone off into the hills hunting. There was no thought of Indians, for no Indians had been seen by us for many days. Late in the afternoon as the men were starting the fires to cook supper, we saw a strange white man riding toward our camp in hot haste. Down the valley he swiftly came, until he was stopped by one of our outpost guards who rode forward to meet him. After a short parley his tired horse came galloping to our camp.

" 'Indians! Indians!' he shouted as he threw himself off his horse and came up to our officer. The man reported that his camp five miles back to the eastward, on the ground we passed over the day before, had been attacked and that two men were killed. A few questions were asked him by Bridger (who was guiding our com-

pany) and then the bugle rang out 'boots and saddles.'

"Twenty picked men, under a sergeant, were ordered to proceed at once to the scene of the tragedy. Several others were permitted to accompany the force, one of our federal judges and myself among the number. James Bridger was ordered to go along also. and carefully to observe all Indian signs and to make a report to our commander.

"We learned from the strange man as we rode along that his wagon train of twelve or fifteen wagons had been straggling along the trail in single line, and that when the rear wagon was far behind and out of sight, a war party of Indians had suddenly swooped down upon it, had killed both men and had run off with the team of horses.

"After a hard gallop of some five miles, we came up with the emigrants in camp. The wagons were parked in a circle with their horses and fires inside, and armed men marched about on guard.

"I was riding with Bridger over a long hill when we came upon the wagon that had been attacked, and the horribly mutilated bodies of the two men. About a hundred yards from the wagon on the trail we came first to the body of an old man. At the instant of attack he had probably jumped out and run toward the other far off wagons. He was shot through the back and his head was fairly chopped to pieces with tomahawks, and the axe taken from the wagon lay beside him, covered with blood. His body was filled with arrows, and he was scalped and horribly mutilated.

"Bridger calmly dismounted, knelt on the ground and closely examined the footprints around the body. Then he pulled three arrows from the old man's corpse and closely examined them. 'Arapahoes and Cheyennes,' he said, as he followed the blood creases on the arrows with critical eyes."

Upon going to the wagon they found the young man lying dead upon the ground, "Three bullets had pierced his body, and he was also scalped and mutilated. A dozen arrows bristled horribly upward from his prostrate corpse. With fiendish malignity the savages had cut off his ears, nose, and the fingers of his left hand, and laid them on his body. Both eyes were oblitérated and other dreadful brutalities had been enacted which are simply unspeakable. All around on the ground the Indians had scattered rice, flour, coffee and sugar in their hasty plundering of the wagons. Of course, they carried off both horses." Then because they completely vanished, the marauders remained unpunished, waiting in gleeful anticipation among hidden ravines and swales, thirsting for more plunder, always catching the stragglers. Thus moved the daily program of the West, even as late as 1862, when this tragedy occurred.

Now as to Bridger's early life: James Bridger was born in Richmond, Va., March 17, 1804, and was the third child. There were two boys and one girl. Eight years later, 1812, with his parents and brother and sister, he was caught in the tide of the prevailing western movement. Jim was swept down to St. Louis, a thriving trading post of some fifteen hundred people on the very outskirts of civilization. Here, indeed, thrived a restless heterogeneous group, representing every walk of life, farmers, traders, trappers, lawyers and outlaws; negroes free, negro slaves and slave-drivers; Indians and half-breeds, orthodox and heterodox, and not a few other classes, all inordinately twisted into the frontier city of the West. It seems that these Missourians were half brothers to the slave holders of New Orleans, the strata of humanity that annoyed and vexed the broad-minded Lincoln when, a quarter of a century later, he drifted down the Mississippi. From St. Louis, in 1827, went the original "land stakers" of Jackson County, Missouri, and the village of Independence in particular. They

owned the "Temple Site" and the "Place of the New Jerusalem" when Joseph the Prophet arrived in 1831, and received the following revelation: "Hearken, O ye elders of my church, saith the Lord your God, who have assembled yourselves together, according to my commandments, in this land, which is the land of Missouri, which is the land which I have appointed and consecrated for the gathering of the Saints. Wherefore this is the land of promise and the place for the city of Zion. * * * Behold the place which is now called Independence is the center place; and a spot for the temple is lying westward, upon a lot which is not far from the courthouse." Doc. and Cov. 57:1-3.

Accordingly on Aug. 3, 1831, eight men gathered west of the courthouse, and as George Q. Cannon writes it, "The prayer of dedication was offered by the Prophet himself; and his promises and supplications to heaven upon that spot have sanctified it for time, and while earth shall endure." One can imagine the reckless curiosity aroused among the villagers regarding the "Mormon" claims: "the land of their inheritance," "the place of the New Jerusalem," "the site of the great temple." Of the difficulties three years later and the expelling of twelve hundred "Mormons," we shall have something to add in another narrative. It might be well to note here, however, that James Bridger was one year older than Joseph Smith and three years younger than Brigham Young, and seemingly not altogether a stranger to "Mormonism" when he met Brigham Young in the Rockies in 1847.

The Bridger family with many others partook of this restless urge which, during the first half of the nineteenth century, fairly thrust men onto the frontier, pushing them into the most distant nooks, scattering them from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Even the story of the "Mormon" Church, itself, during the second quarter of the century is a thrilling narration of a "young nation" on the move! Think of it, this whole body of religious worshipers living in five different states in seventeen years, and ending in the Rocky Mountains, two thousand miles west of its original home, New York State.

Within six years after the Bridgers reached St. Louis, misfortune struck them, sweeping away father, mother, brother and sister, leaving the fourteen-year-old "Jim" a full fledged orphan, alone in the world, "Ruth and Naomi" like, only he lacked the persuading invitation of returning to his kindred. Seemingly, nevertheless, he soon fell upon good gleaning with his "Boaz," the town blacksmith. Here by the straining bellows, the glowing forge and ringing anvil, he hammered out the beginning of his later success. Accepting his responsibility, Jim rose under its pressure. Although he received no schooling, learning neither to read nor write, a common thing in his home town, still he mastered his trade as many times testified to by "broken down" outfits, reaching his fort on the Green River.

During Jim's four years at his trade, rough men of the wilderness, lounging about the shop, spun off western stories by the yard, always ending in victory, coming with boats laden with yellow furs, bringing home fortunes! "Why hammer away at the hot, smoky anvil," he reasoned, "when the great West is calling?" Such seeds, abundantly nourished in fertile soil, were soon blooming. Then came his chance! In the *Missouri Republican* of March 20, 1822, there appeared this notice: "To enterprising young men. The subscriber wishes to engage one hundred young men to ascend the Missouri river to its source, there to be employed for one, two, or three years. For particulars inquire of Major Andrew Henry, near the lead mines in the county of Washington, who will ascend with and command the party; or of the subscriber near St. Louis. Signed, William H. Ashley."

Enough said! Off went the leather apron. Down fell the tools. The tall, broad-shouldered, eighteen-year-old Jim was ready, and from that day until death closed his wanderings, more than fifty years later, the West afforded him a roomy playground. (Bridger died four years after Brigham Young.) The young blacksmith acted none too soon, for already the necessary one hundred men had applied. Jedediah S. Smith, of whom we have been reading, reached St. Louis too late, and was forced to wait over and go with Ashley the next spring.

Of Bridger's long, perplexing journey up the Missouri, tugging overtime at the "cordelle line," dragging the heavy keel boats some three weeks before Jed Smith, their future comrade and leader, had set foot upon the St. Louis landing (coming from Ohio), these hundred men, with two keel boats loaded with trapping supplies and goods for the Indian trade, had begun the long ascent of the Missouri under the leadership of Major Henry. General Ashley had accompanied them, intending to ascend to the mouth of the Yellowstone and return to the States in the fall. Ill fortune, however, was not lacking. While still in the state of Missouri, one of the keel boats, heavily laden with valuable goods, had become unmanageable while crossing the turbulent stream and, drifting against a snag, was staved and sunk. No lives had been lost, but the cargo, valued at $10,000, had gone to the bottom."

At the village of the Ree Indians near the mouth of the Grand river (South Dakota), fifty horses recently purchased from the Rees, were stolen by "a band of Assiniboines that had no doubt been spying upon the Americans for days, swooping down upon the impotent horse guards at a time when the main body with the keel boat had crossed to the opposite shore." Nearly a hundred well-armed men looked on helplessly, but being out of range could do nothing but curse the vexatious and troublesome savages, knowing that with the disappearing of the horses, heavier burdens were to fall upon them. We are told that flaring phrases, spouting like the roaring forge itself, shot from the lips of Jim, the blacksmith. This first drink from the cup of Red Man treachery, however, was not to be Jim's last. Right here began his persistent vigilance, and it was his eternal distrust of the Indian that destined his survival while many less observant companions fell. A few months later, as Neihardt pictures this group, "gaunt with toil and privations, long haired and bewhiskered, bronzed with sun and wind of the wilderness, and clad in half-savage garb," they arrived on the Yellowstone.

Little did the trappers then realize, that the majority of the crew had seen "for the last time the smoke of the home fires pluming skyward. Some were to disappear like yonder hearth-reek, leaving no hint of the manner of their passing; and others, (like Jim) bewitched by the wild life and the vast free spaces of the wilderness, would shed, as an uncomfortable coat, the inheritance of the ages, lapsing into the primitive, never again to long for the snug comforts and predetermined ways of civilization." We are informed that in and around Fort Henry the stealthy, revengeful "Lamanites", rightfully possessing the hunting-grounds because of tribal occupancy of legendary date, made the way of the white visitors irksome by day and hideous by night. Very often the returning boats, in place of being heaped with golden packs of peltries, were empty, and the repulsed trappers, bearing heavy losses in men and outfits, retreated precipitately, completely defeated.

Jim's first blood-stained introduction to western savagery, roaring guns and crashing tomahawks, was at Pryor's Fork on the Yellowstone in the spring of 1823, when a surprise attack from the Blackfeet ended in the death and scalping of a number of trappers, including the group leaders, Messrs. Immel and Jones. Bridger seeing this

ghastly affair began to realize his own gamble with death, at the hands of a hidden enemy intensely real and seemingly always present.

As the summer wore on, Major Henry began expecting the reenforcements under Ashley, for the general had returned to St. Louis, the fall before, ready to bring the second hundred men in the spring. It was with this company that Jed Smith was now making his way toward the Yellowstone. At the approach of a hundred more trappers, their horses and outfits, the red men sitting about their warfires looked anxiously from one to another, cleaning rifles, polishing knives and tomahawks, and chatting more vigorously than usual. That they meant business of the rougher sort was certain, for "the Indian had spoken! The winding Missouri pathway must be closed!" But they did not know that the white man, also had spoken, and though hundreds perished on the trail today, as did Colonel Custer and his brave band, still tomorrow the number would be doubled, while other hundreds knocked at the western ticket office, eager to swing into the tide, piercing the frontier, skirting the streams and distant ridges, viewing the wonders of the unexplored Yellowstone Park and pushing overland to the western sea.

As one looks back on the race pilgrimage, flocking to the Atlantic seaboard, then through the gaps of the coast ranges, up the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence; down the Ohio and up the Missouri, the Platte and Arkansas; over the vast prairies and Rocky Mountains, checked only by the stretches of rolling waters beyond; one marvels at the dynamic curiosity impelling it all! Men at that time as well as today, craving the unknown, gambled their lives in unique and strange undertakings, seeking not the "three R's" but rather the "three G's"—"gold, God, and glory!" The driving force backing every discoverer from Columbus on down in history seems to lie within one or possibly two of these words. For which symbol did our Pilgrim fathers seek? What satisfied the greed of the Spaniards in America? Why did Jim Bridger come West? What brought the "Mormons," swarming like bees to the mountains?

Be the passionate pursuit of trapper and explorer what it may, on their trail followed the pioneer and colonizer, the plow, the harrow and harvester.

While Major Henry impatiently waited on the Yellowstone, General William H. Ashley and his men were being disastrously defeated by the Ree Indians, some two hundred miles below, near the mouth of the Cheyenne river (South Dakota). Neihardt informs us that after most of the "horses had been rolled" and many hired trappers had shamefully retreated, that Jedediah S. Smith and his fighting friends could hold out no longer. "Deserted by their comrades, with half their number either dead or wounded, they realized at last the folly of further resistance. Leaping into the river, they struck out after the boats. Some miscalculating the strength of the current, were swept away and lost. Others of the wounded went down and were seen no more. Several were shot, as they swam, and disappeared."

In a letter written two days after the battle to Major O'Fallon, Indian agent at Fort Atkinson, at the mouth of the Platte some four hundred miles down stream where the wounded were carried in boats, Ashley set down for posterity the full story of his woes and his hatred of the red man. (South Dakota Collection, Vol. I, also referred to by H. C. Dale in "Ashley—Smith Explorati ns.") When General Ashley got his men together, explaining the dire need of immediate reenforcements from Henry, and called for volunteers, but one man stepped forward, that being the young "Christian trapper," Jed Smith. Being Smith's first trip into the broken country, Ashley prevailed upon an older head, a French-Canadian, Bap-

tiste, to accompany the American. Following four days of thrilling experiences as Dale records it, and "undergoing severe hardships and escaping death, or worse, on several occasions, Smith and his companion finally reached the post." Immediately the magnetic Jed had won the esteem of all and especially that of the lonesome blacksmith, Jim, who for more than a year had been in the wilderness.

While Henry and Jed and Jim conversed, eighty restless, if not reckless, trappers, anxious for revenge, threw anti-Indian equipment into the river boats, then, as soon as the messengers swallowed their first warm meal in days, the noisy crew, shouting an Indian war-song, sped off toward the battle. Although this was Smith and Bridger's first journey together, by no means was it to be their last. Jim knew not at that time that his monument would be raised in honor of his discovering "The Great Salt Lake;" neither had it dawned upon the fearless Jed, that future generations would praise him as the "Mightiest Trail-Breaker of the Rockies."

Dawes Upholds Prohibition

That colorful character, Charles G. Dawes, former vice-president of the United States and at present ambassador to Great Britain, is aiding President Hoover and the cause of prohibition and at the same time astonishing English officials by his peculiar attitude. During the World War General Dawes demonstrated his physical courage, and his moral courage is of the same order. In European countries wine is served at all official functions, but Dawes, defying precedent, calmly announced that visitors, whether calling in an official or private capacity, could expect no such refreshment. This unusual action, coming from so well known and original a man, seems to have caused more amusement than resentment.

Now the vigorous ambassador has gone one step farther, according to an Associated Press report which says:

Charles G. Dawes today was one of the central figures in a quaint English drinking custom, as guest of honor at a luncheon by the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland.

General Dawes and about 200 other guests sat down at the hospitable board of the famous old Vintner's hall, which was built near the river Thames just after the great fire of London in 1666.

The very name of the Vintner's savors of drinking and the flowing bowl, and there were plenty of both circulating at the luncheon today. Ambassador Dawes abstained from them all, but he could not refrain from taking part in the ancient ceremony of passing a huge loving cup around the circle of guests.

Filled with specially brewed sack, a large cup was handed to Lord Derby, who presided. He turned to General Dawes and drank the ambassador's health with due ceremony.

The ambassador then was supposed to turn and drink to the health of the guest on his left, who was Lord Rirrell, well known London publisher. General Dawes accepted the cup, raised it, and then passed it along.

The Headless Cavalier

By Henry F. Kirkham

As a boy just entering on the teen age, I liked best of all to listen to stories of a ghostly nature. Especially was this true on cold and blustry nights when the winter wind rattled the doors and windows and the open fire place cast flickering shadows on the walls and ceiling. Then I would draw close to mother and beg for a story that sent the chills down my spinal cord, for this was romance in the Nth degree.

One such ghostly tale I remember to this day. It might, for want of a more suitable title, be properly dubbed, "The Headless Cavalier," for it dealt with a remote period in English history when those gallant heroes still abode in the affairs of men. And, although such romantic figures had ceased to exist long before my mother's time, they had left behind innumerable legends of love and adventure that were still recounted in the little village in which my mother was born.

In Cromwell's reign—or perhaps in some of the wars of the Pretenders—a great battle was fought near the spot of the little English parish. Among the soldiers of the contending armies was a certain valiant cavalier. He was young and dashing, gaining, in the brief period that the conflict waged thereabouts, much renown in feats of arms. He also found time to enter the lists of love between the clash of battle. So successfully in truth that he completely won the heart of one of the local belles. This beautiful maiden yielded to his passionate suit all the affection her young life could give, and many were the whispered dreams of bliss they mutually exchanged of those days, when, the cruel conflict ended, they might wed.

But, alas, this dream of bliss was never to be! The stern fortunes of war finally rolled against the party for which the brave cavalier fought. Indeed, within a few short weeks our hero himself was captured by the enemy and ignominious death by the executioner's axe was his unhappy end. As a crowning infamy the gory head of the cavalier was hung upon the village gate as a warning to all other prospective rebels. Such was the public statement of the victor, but some contended that personal malice played a part in the deed, for the winning chieftain was known to have entertained an ardor for the village belle that she had never reciprocated.

At any rate you may imagine the dreadful anguish of the young and tender maiden as she was forced to look upon the bloody countenance of her lover. How she lamented the blasting of all her fond hopes! Indeed, so poignant was her sorrow that she had no longer the desire to live. One last service she could perform, however, and this she did. On bended knees she begged the victor for the body of her lover and he, moved by her flood of tears, at last, consented. Tenderly she laid away the mutilated remains within the shelter of the parish churchyard, minus, of course, the gory head that the victor insisted should remain fixed upon the village gate. It is said that she tended the hallowed grave for many years until, in fact, a grey and withered old woman, she finally died, stretched upon the grassy mound.

But now comes the ghostly part of the story. Let my mother tell it as once she told it to me as I lay cuddled before the open fire.

"On that particular night I had been until late at the home of a friend celebrating Hallowe'en. The evening

had been one of merriment in which many games of a ghostly nature had been indulged. Naturally my head had been filled with silly notions of hobgoblins and other weird creatures, so that when the time came for going home I did not venture forth in any too bold a spirit. Although I was accompanied by a boy friend, I had no great relish for the stretch of road to my home that passed close to the ancient village churchyard. The path was dark and eerie on any night but especially so on a night when billowy ghosts were said to walk the earth. I might add, also, that my friend, in spite of all his attempts at masculine boldness, was in no better spirits than was I.

"I remember that night very vividly. The moon was partly full but shone only fitfully through dark banks of sailing clouds. Even perfectly familiar spots looked eerie enough under the magic of the hour, so that my friend and I walked close together for mutual comfort. We needed all our courage, indeed, when we presently came abreast of the old iron fence that bounded the ancient yard in which reposed countless generations of the dead. The white stones that marked the resting place gleamed weirdly beneath the dim moonlight and our courage certainly sank to zero as we hurried past them. The very wind moaned as it swept across the silent tombs, and it seemed to us that we should never reach the tall rock gate that marked the end of the iron fence.

"But reached it we did and hurried by with a sigh of positive relief. Suddenly we heard the sullen clang of the great gate swinging open. We turned in alarm, an alarm that grew into a panic as out of the gate there issued two ghostly figures! The two were clothed in garments of long ago, a jeweled sword girded to the side of the man, the woman in all the finery of another age. Slowly they passed without the gate, arm in arm, as lovers sometimes walk together and came directly towards us. But as we stood spellbound staring at the strange, ghostly pair we both saw what almost caused our hearts to stand still. The man had no head! Plain as day we could see all the remainder of his body up to the ruffled collar that enclosed his neck, but of the head there was not a trace. We shrank against the fence as they advanced, too terror-stricken even to run. But when they had passed beyond and vanished into the gloom again, we did run faster, I believe, than ever we did again, nor paused for breath until we had arrived at my father's home."

Now as a grown man I sometimes ponder over that story of the "Headless Cavalier," I wonder if the dead do occasionally walk the earth. At any rate, the vision, imaginary or otherwise, of that fair pair walking beneath the misty light of a graveyard moon, is a boyhood story I shall not soon forget. The flickering embers of a dying fire and the blustering wind without but adds to the remembered charm of that tale of long ago.

At the present rate of progress America should have a complete network of concrete highways by the time everybody takes to the air.—*Peru (Ind.) Tribune.*

Aviation has played havoc with the language. Planes land on water where there is no land in sight, and Zeppelins hop off without any hop at all.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Spring Garden

By Thomas G. Harrison

The efforts put forth by the Relief Societies two years ago in promulgating a Home Beautification Campaign are being crowned with success. In many wards flower shows have been held this summer, the beautiful displays have thrilled all who saw them. It has been most difficult (when it has fallen to my lot to give the awards) to place the blue ribbons, as the exhibits were of such uniformly high quality.

It was my privilege to assist in the organization of the "Salt Lake Flower Garden Club," which every spring sponsors a flower show, the leaders of our Church having always, by their presence, shown a keen interest in the exhibits.

The purpose of this message is to encourage the planting of Holland bulbs, which can only be done at this season of the year or before the ground begins to freeze. The most popular of these are the Breeder and Darwin tulips. These beautiful, long-stemmed flowers now come in every conceivable shade. The Cottage tulips are also a favorite with many planters; they, too, have long stems, but the shape of the flower differs from the Darwin type in that the petals are pointed—lily-like. These three varieties are glorious when planted in close proximity to the early spring flowering shrubs. Many a tulip blooms to blush unseen because it lacks suitable environment. Shrubbery or walls may form the background, or adjacent and harmonious foliage will add to their glory. From the wide range of spring flowering shrubs one can hardly make a mistake in selecting background. Or it may be that the flowers of the herbaceous plants that bloom simultaneously with the tulip will help create the necessary harmonious or contrasting environment. The narcissi family of bulbs are fast gaining in popularity. Once planted, they can remain in the ground for years. They are most effective when planted in groups, one kind in a group. The daffodil is perhaps the best known of the narcissi. I recommend the planting of some Sulphur Phoenix, White Lady, Sir Watkins, Barri Conspicuous, Orange Phoenix, Lucifer, Laurens Koster, and Poet Horace bulbs as valuable additions to your narcissi collection. To improve your daffodils, get some King Alfred, Spring Glory, Tresserne, and Van Waverens giant. These produce monster flowers and are a great improvement on the Emperor and Empress type. The narcissi bloom in April, many weeks before the long-stem tulips.

"A mist o'er the blue sky,
With a falling of rain,
That gleams like spun silver
And it's April again.

"With Daffodil sunshine
And Daffodil flowers,
Then time becomes golden
Between sudden showers.

"With gold and silver
Of sun and the rain,
Rejoice that you're living,
When it's April again."

—*Lyman.*

Use your shady places in which to plant narcissi. Many yards have nooks and sheltered corners which can be used to good advantage and a succession of flowers can be had, because these spots will produce later bloom. Try planting some daffodils in your violet, pansy and myrtle beds, also in your sunny petunia or verbena beds where, after the foliage of the daffodils have died down, these other flowers will carpet the ground. Try

some narcissi in your rock gardens—around your lily pools, along the streams or ditches which may run through your grounds. Like the tulip, the narcissi are at home grouped among the perennial plants.

The hyacinths should find a place in every yard. This wonderfully fragrant flower is used more in formal plantings, for edges, designs, etc., but nothing catches the eye quicker than a few groups of different hue of these charming flowers planted informally. Plant some yellow and blue crocus in your lawn in groups or along its borders or scatter them around everywhere in front of your shrubs. The Frittalaria or Crown lily is another Holland bulb worthy of a place in every garden. It blooms at the same time as the hyacinth and narcissus. Try some Madonna lilies. These may be termed the hardy Easter Lily. They come from France and must go into the ground in the fall and will give a bountiful fragrant bloom in June. For those who want a real surprise. plant some Dutch, Spanish and English Iris. These are the bulbous type and no garden is complete without them. When these flowers are put on display in spring, many people get the fever of planting, and are disappointed to learn they have to wait one more year before they can have such blooms in their own yard, as fall is the only time they can be had. Plant the tulips and hyacinths seven inches apart, covering them with four or five inches of soil; narcissi nine to twelve inches apart and cover five or six inches; crocus and iris three inches apart and covered the same.

If you want to get some real inspiration out of your garden, plant some Holland bulbs this fall, and after the long winter get a thrill you never had before when you see the early spring growth pushing out of the ground, a veritable resurrection.

Aim High

By Joseph S. Peery

The active member in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is working for the highest—celestial—degree of glory. We have been shown the way to reach the highest. Our baptism ordinance is the entrance to the kingdom of God—celestial glory. Our missionaries go out to show the world the way. Every temple ordinance relates to celestial glory.

An objection was made to this aim: "You 'Mormons' are very selfish to work for the highest degree of glory." We will never make it if we are selfish. We best serve God when we serve his children. We best overcome evil by doing good. The Bible says: "Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor." (1 Cor. 3:8.) "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." (Gal. 6:7.) If he aims low he goes low. If he aims high, having consistent works, he goes high.

Every day is a judgment day and the heaven we reach will be the heaven we earn. Through the atonement of the Savior, all will be saved from the grave, but our exaltation will depend entirely upon merit. We do not wish to wait a thousand years for our bodies: we are striving to rise in the morning of the first resurrection. In working we have joy. Eternal continuous joy comes in aiming high.

Messages from the Missions

Viewing the World from "Zugspitze"

In the extreme southern part of Bavaria, Germany, a few miles from the Austrian border, is situated one of the most romantic spots in all the world. The majestic Bavarian and Tyrolese Alps, protecting and sheltering, as it were, the picturesque inhabitants of the quiet valleys below them; the innumerable little lakes and mountain gorges; and the historical value of the country are attractions which yearly entice thousands of visitors.

Here are to be seen the three castles, Linderhof, Neuschwanstein, and Hohenschwangau, mute evidence of the artistic but extravagant nature of the Bavarian King Ludwig II. Here the "Zugspitze," Germany's highest mountain, rests gray and weatherbeaten, its jagged twin peaks reaching skyward. And here, too, nestling securely in a snug valley, lies the ancient village of Oberammergau, far-famed because of its Passion Play depicting the life and crucifixion of Christ.

The "Zugspitze," Germany's Highest Mountain

Receiving permission for a week-end outing, we missionaries of the Stuttgart and Munich districts made this wonderful country the goal of our excursion. Wednesday, July 3, we boarded the train, arriving at our destination in the middle of the afternoon. The first night was spent in the alpine village of Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Arising early the following morning, we set out for the "Zugspitze" and arrived shortly at the foot of the peak.

To most tourists the mountain had been inaccessible, until in 1924 the Austrian government granted a permit to build a cable-way up their side of the peak. This project was completed in 1926, and now one can go swinging up nearly a mile into space without the slightest effort on one's own part.

We climbed into the frail cabin of the cable-car that was to carry us within a short distance of the very top of the mountain. The door was closed and we were off. Up, up, up,—what a ride,—what wonderful views,—what a strange feeling somewhere in the region of the stomach! At first we were near the tops of the trees, but soon we were swinging over three hundred feet above naked cliffs. A strong wind swayed the car back and forth incessantly, only adding to that insecure feeling. As we neared the middle of the journey, the other car came into sight and then passed us on its way down to the valley. The ride lasted twenty minutes. Arriving

at the mountain station, we climbed out of the cabin and were soon viewing the world from a different and interesting angle. In another thirty minutes we had reached the highest peak and stood there, drinking in the fresh mountain air. The magnitude and grandeur of the mighty ranges, which met our gaze in every direction, contrasted strangely with "the nothingness of the children of men."

It was July 4th, our nation's birthday, and standing there on the topmost peak of one of Europe's oldest states, we did not forget to let a heartfelt cheer ring forth for the land we love best.

THE AUSTRIAN CABLE-WAY, THE LARGEST IN EUROPE

We had decided to make the steep descent on foot, but the taste of Alp-climbing, that the short but dangerous ascent from the station to the top gave us, did not exactly whet our appetites for more. We concluded to hire a guide. In fact most of the tourists with us had hired guides for the short ascent to the top. However, guides were high and our momentary supply of "the filthy lucre" was low, so we changed our minds again and started out alone. Everyone thought we were insane and perhaps it was foolhardy, but something gave us perfect assurance in ourselves. In fact, fear did not enter our hearts until we reached the bottom of the precipice. The two former sheep-herders in the group of missionaries broke all records for that course by covering it in exactly twenty-five minutes! There were stretches where progress could be made only by holding fast to the "iron rod," and more than once we were forced to let ourselves down over perpendicular ledges with no other support than steel spikes driven in the rock walls. During the journey one of the brethren accidentally loosened a large boulder. His frantic cry of "Watch out, fellows!" came barely in time. A missionary a little ahead of the rest of us stepped quickly aside as the boulder passed him. We all breathed a deep breath of relief as the huge rock shot over a cliff into oblivion.

The dangerous part of the descent behind us, we sat down outside of the little half-way station and gazed back at the mighty peak, around the crest of which dark clouds were now rapidly gathering. And as we sat there, looking back and thinking back, the real significance of the descent and the magnitude of the danger was made clear to us. The reason for such assurance and lack of fear in undertaking the journey was understood. We had not made that trip alone!

Fifteen weary missionaries gave thanks that night to a kind Heavenly Father for leading them safely out of bodily peril. Some of them dreamed of falling off cliffs.

The remainder of the excursion afforded us many wonderful sights and experiences, all of which will surely enrich our future lives; but the incident, that will stand out clearly in our minds long after time has made

the trip itself a dim memory, was the descent down the precipitous side of old "Zugspitze." It was more to us than just a new experience, because it taught us a lesson that we mortals are slow to learn and prone to forget. The lesson, that there is One who is mightier than guides or ropes or earthly assistance of whatever character it may happen to be, and he never forsakes them that seek to serve him.—*Miles Burgess*, president of Stuttgart district.

MISSIONARIES OF THE STUTTGART AND MUNICH DISTRICTS IN FRONT OF DEPOT AT GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN

Standing, left to right: Joseph Coulam, Jr., Max Schmidt, Moses Hansen, Grant Strebel, Lynn Wood, president of Munich district, Stanley Hall, Harold Creer, John Wendel, Miles Burgess, president of Stuttgart district; Harold Naisbitt, Lonzo Hansen, Ernest Eberhard, Jr. Sitting: Clifford Leslie, Keaton Dayton, Alton Gessel.

A news collecting agency has sent out the following item: EVANSVILLE, Ind,, Sept. 24. (CTS).—An aviator swooped out of the sky today to save the house of Walter Schiffer, about eight miles from here, from burning, and then disappeared. The fire, starting in a barn, destroyed the barn, granary and smokehouse, in spite of all neighbors could do, and the house appeared doomed. Then the aviator appeared and darted between the granary and the house, fanning the fire in the other direction. He flew between the house and the burning granary 40 or 50 times, according to Schiffer, until he was certain the fire had spent itself and the house was no longer in danger. His errand completed, he arose and vanished.

To The Friends of the Improvement Era

IN view of the impending change, it is proper at this time that we express our appreciation of the loyal support accorded this magazine during its thirty-two years of life. One can hardly conceive of an enterprise which has been the recipient of more unselfish, gratuitous service than has the *Era*. From the commencement of this venture, at first a seemingly precarious one, hosts of devoted workers have willingly given their time—more, they have given themselves—to the task of making it a great success.

Hard-working men have built up subscription lists at serious personal sacrifice. Some of the busiest and ablest people in our community have burned the midnight oil in preparing articles, and for this splendid voluntary service we express deep appreciation. But that is characteristic of the Church. Some things cannot be bought with gold, and man's very best effort is one of them.

To the army of officers of the Y. M. M. I. A., we are particularly obligated. They have cheerfully accepted the responsibility of placing the *Era* in the homes of the Saints. Not a few of those who first assumed this task have gone to their reward, and not infrequently their sons have taken up the work laid down by their fathers.

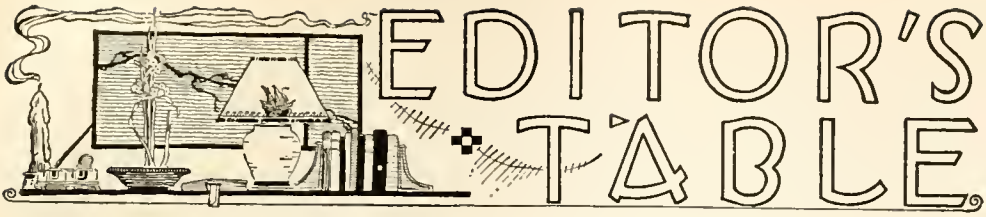
The foundation upon which every periodical must build is its subscription list, and we extend sincere thanks to all who are or have been our patrons. Some of these came out of sheer loyalty and not because they felt the need of the magazine, but they have continued because this messenger of righteousness was too helpful to be discontinued.

To the business firms and individuals who have bought advertising space, our thanks are also due and are gratefully extended. In this connection no advertising matter is to be accepted which could offend the strictest Church member. We will not teach something in the reading columns and advertise articles the use of which violates those teachings. Neither will we advertise questionable concerns; and we therefore solicit the patronage of our readers for those firms which patronize us.

Although we express appreciation for the gratuitous labors of field workers and contributors, we are sure they will not go unrewarded. And deeply as we feel the obligation to subscribers and advertisers, we have the comforting assurance that they have received value for every dollar spent.

May we enlist the same spirit of co-operation for the new magazine? This combination of the *Era* and the *Journal* brings to us the assistance of talented women, and plans are laid for a periodical which no Latter-day Saint home can afford to be without. The slogan, "An Era in Every Home," is not inspired by selfish motives but by a sincere desire to broaden our sphere of usefulness. We feel sure we may count on your continued support.

George Albert Smith,
Richard R. Lyman,
Melvin J. Ballard,
General Superintendency of Y. M. M. I. A.



Ring Out the Old, Ring In the New

After thirty-two years of vigorous life, the *Improvement Era*, in its present form, comes to an end with this number. In browsing through the back volumes, one is impressed with the thought that the *Era*, unlike most lives, has never had any infancy or childhood, but leaped from its birth into virile aggressive manhood. Before the magazine was actually born it was consecrated to a special mission, and a most careful examination of the thirty thousand and more pages of reading matter which it has presented to the public will confirm the statement, that it has never lost sight of its great purpose, which has been to bring about an improvement in the lives of all whom it could touch; to build character; to develop faith, and encourage righteousness. During its entire life, it has never given expression to a single thought which would turn the reader's mind in an improper direction.

It may be truthfully said that the end of each volume has found its attentive readers possessing more Christlike characteristics, more faith, intelligence, and courage than the beginning. Their vision of life, with its true meaning, and their conception of the future has been broadened. A deeper sense of duty to God and to their fellowmen has been awakened. We believe the magazine has created a thirst for knowledge, by teaching that this is one of the elements of godliness, and at the same time has helped to assuage that thirst by presenting well written articles on theology, history, science, philosophy, literature.

It has contained solemn warnings against evil; has ever held aloft worthy standards of living, and has been persuasive and encouraging in its efforts to impress the world with the importance of creating higher ideals and preserving courage and determination in living up to them. Calmly, and never with a spirit of hysteria or delirium, it has preached the restored Gospel, that God has again revealed himself from heaven, and it has spoken fearlessly, and with dynamic power, in defending the truth against the assaults of enemies and unbelievers.

When the contemplated amalgamation of the *Era* and *Journal* was presented to the public, a wedding ceremony was used as a symbol of the union. This was a felicitous thought, for an important mission of these two magazines has been to prepare the world for a glorious wedding when the celestial Bridegroom shall come to claim his bride, the Church. In the story-book wedding typifying this union, a herald announced to the world that a great event in Church literature was about to occur. The symbolism of that announcement reaches much farther than is generally supposed, for the constant mission of this magazine has been to declare, with words of soberness, that ere long an angelic herald will broadcast to a startled world, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."

Nothing of great importance has ever been accomplished without many agencies having played a part therein. This, naturally, has been the case with the *Improvement Era*. It is a fitting time to extend thanks to those who have helped to make the magazine a success. On the preceding page will be found a letter of appreciation, signed by the General Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A., and addressed to the thousands of

the *Era's* subscribers, without whom nothing could have been accomplished. Then, too, men and women from many walks of life have devoted time and thought to the preparation of articles, and practically all of these contributions have been written with no thought of pecuniary reward. Writers have been impelled by the desire to do good, and they are entitled to the thanks, not only of the *Era*, but also of all its readers. We extend to them our cordial thanks.

A few names, chief among those who have made the *Era* a success, should be mentioned. This list might be many times multiplied if space permitted. Certainly in the early days of the magazine, no man did more than President Heber J. Grant; and even at the present time it receives all the thought which he can possibly spare from other pressing duties. Our readers would be astonished if they knew the number of letters he personally signed in the beginning in an effort to win subscribers. Not only did he give of his time, but with equal liberality contributed of his means. Closely associated with him have been Elders B. H. Roberts and Edward H. Anderson, who have done most of the editorial work; Thomas Hull, Moroni Snow and, more recently, Melvin J. Ballard, who have at different times, looked after the business interests of the magazine. These men and the *Improvement Era* have achieved something which can never be forgotten, and for which the Almighty will richly reward them.

Our hope is that the work to be done by the new *Improvement Era* in its enlarged sphere of action will approach in quality that done by the old *Era* and the *Journal* in their more circumscribed fields.—C.

Horace J. Knowlton

The new *Improvement Era* is very fortunate in having secured the services of Horace J. Knowlton, who is to be associated with its business department. He is a wide-awake, energetic young man, a graduate of the University of Utah and the University of Chicago, and is thoroughly familiar with this class of work, having been engaged with Eastern publications since his graduation, and for the past year has been editor of the *Chicago Purchaser*.

Brother Knowlton was born in Salt Lake, is a Latter-day Saint through and through, has been successful in business in competition with the world, and will be a real acquisition to our force. He left a lucrative position in the East for the simple reason that he and his wife preferred to be with the body of the Church rather than so far removed from headquarters.

What the Era Does

Elder Weston N. Nordgren, associate editor of the *Millennial Star*, sends to the *Era* the following encouraging words:

Many times, upon receiving a copy of the *Improvement Era*, I have felt to express my appreciation to those responsible for this wonderful "Mormon" magazine. Yet each time, I have let that feeling "wear off," and have said or done nothing.

Today, after reading the July issue, just received, I feel doubly indebted to this magazine. It is filled with hope and peace, with love and faith. It is very inspiring—especially to a missionary away from the body of the Church. It carries with it the true

message of the Gospel of Jesus Christ: Hope for the sorrowing heart, peace for the troubled mind, love for the lonely soul, and implants within one a firm faith in our God and in our fellow-men.

There is the true missionary spirit about it that makes it seem to breathe help and assurance to one in doubt; that seems to explain the mysteries of life in a simple, tangible way, that one may more firmly grasp the problems of daily life.

Ever since I can remember reading anything, I have read the *Era*. I have enjoyed it, enthused over it, loaned it to others, and tried to get them to see the beauties it explained. Like the scriptures, it carries a spirit of wisdom, helpful service and understanding that makes one refer to it time and time again, there to find repeatedly a wealth of instruction and joy in its pages. My first attempt at story writing was inspired by a story in its pages; my first written story appeared therein. In a large measure it has given me the true Latter-day Saint viewpoint, as far as I have it. The *Era* has given me travel, science, adventure, romance, thrills and serious thought. Moreover, it has helped to heighten my ideals of life and has given me a desire to live worthy of our "Mormon" heritage. I have not read any other magazine, year in and year out, which has so encouraged me to go onward and upward; and at times when my spirits have been at low ebb, it has been positively uplifting. Both at home and in the mission field, I have felt its clean influence and have thanked the Lord for it.

Combined with the *Young Woman's Journal*, it should reach still greater heights as the universal "Mormon" magazine for old and young. I ask the blessings of the Lord upon those who are engaged in providing and arranging the material it contains, as well as for the *Era* itself. I wish the editors and the new *Era* "hearty good luck, and lots of it."

It Can Be Done

The work of the Y. M. M. I. A. in the Maricopa stake, under the direction of Delbert L. Stapley, has always gone forward with dispatch. It is a one hundred per cent stake in the matter of life memberships. Now, as we learn from a telegram from Brother Stapley to Superintendent George Albert Smith, it has more than its quota of *Era* subscribers. He conveys the cheering information that the Chandler ward, presided over by Bishop Guy V. Lamereaux, is sending in 77 subscriptions, although the ward has but 71 families. This shows what can be done where the matter is taken up seriously

It is perhaps needless to say that the Y. M. M. I. A. and the Era have been loyally supported by the stake presidency, Presidents J. Robert Price, John Cummard and Daniel Hibbert.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

Melchizedek Priesthood Suggestions

The following letter and outlines will be welcomed by all Priesthood quorums:

President _____ and
Counselors _____
Presidency of _____ Stake
_____
_____

Dear Brethren:

In reference to the courses of study and lines of activity for the Priesthood quorums of the Church, we suggest that the same course of procedure as was suggested last year be continued during the present season. In order to achieve the results towards which we are striving, it is earnestly desired that throughout the coming year every quorum and every group will emphasize the service phase of quorum responsibility. Two important requirements, you will remember, are made of every person ordained to any office in the Priesthood; viz., (1) The duty and privilege of studying the principles of the Gospel in a Gospel Doctrine class Sunday morning; and (2) The duty of attending the group or quorum activity meeting held weekly for the purpose of making more effective the service to be rendered in personal welfare, quorum efficiency and Church and social callings and appointments.

Everyone upon whom the Priesthood has been conferred should prepare himself to perform any service and to officiate in any ordinance or ceremony which he might be asked to render, or in which he might be called to act. In Church activity as in the answer to the Final Summons, "Readiness is everything."

You are urged, therefore. to put forth special effort to make more potent the program that was introduced one year ago. The plan as it applied to Sunday morning has received general acceptance and is being carried out effectively in nearly every stake and mission in the Church. With regard to the activity meeting, some stakes and quorums have found it difficult to carry out the program with that degree of clearness and energy which quorums of the Church should manifest. In the hope of aiding in making this meeting more interesting and profitable, we are suggesting herewith some topics which will guide quorum officers into that practical field of activity and service in which quorum officers and members should render effective work.

Every quorum member should be made acquainted at once with the phases of Church activity for which he will receive credit on the quorum records. These various items are indicated on the report blanks that are already in the hands of stake clerks and quorum secretaries.

The items of activity named below are merely suggestive, and may be substituted by any others which quorum officers may consider more opportune and applicable to local conditions.

With a sincere desire to aid the quorums to become more efficient and influential, we remain

Sincerely,
Rudger Clawson,
In behalf of the Council of the Twelve Apostles.

Schedule of Group or Quorum Meetings

Suggestive Plan of Procedure

Week of October 20

1. Prayer.
2. Roll Call. (Each member should receive credit for attendance at meetings and for service rendered during the past week.)

3. Reports of committees.
   a. Special. (Call for specific reports from (1) committee appointed at a previous meeting to visit quorum members, (2) committee on social, (3) committee or individuals assigned to ward teachings, etc., etc.)
   b. Standing. (Receive report from one of the four standing committees; viz., Personal Welfare, Class Instruction, Church Service, Miscellaneous. Report should be in writing and signed by members of committee.)
4. Consideration of Principles of Conduct.

Topics Outlined.

Priests' and Teachers' Duties Compared

1. Similarity.
   a. Both by assignment are to visit homes of members.
   b. Both are to exhort to diligence and faithfulness.
      The priest is "to preach, teach, expound, exhort * * them to pray vocally and in secret and attend to all family duties."
      The teacher "to warn, expound, exhort, and teach and invite all to come to Christ."
2. Distinction.
   a. Priest—Most advanced office in Aaronic Priesthood. Special calling to preach and administer spiritual blessings. Can baptize. Teacher cannot. Can administer sacrament. Teacher cannot.

"From a retrospect of the requirements of the servants of God to preach the Gospel, we find few qualified even to be priests, and if a priest understands his duty, his calling, and ministry, and preaches by the Holy Ghost, his enjoyment is as great as if he were one of the Presidency; and his services are necessary in the body, as are also those of teachers and deacons." (Joseph Smith's "History of the Church," Volume II, page 478.)

   b. Teachers.
      Second to highest office in Aaronic Priesthood.
      Special calling to purge the body of Church of iniquity and every unpleasantness.
      To watch over the Church always.
      To be with and to strengthen them.
      To see that no iniquity exists in the Church. Neither hardness with each other, neither lying, nor backbiting, nor evil speaking.
      To check up on attendance at meetings.
      To check up on other Church duties.
      To preside at meetings only in absence of elder or priest.

Note: In the light of the fact that the teacher is an authorized peace officer of the Church, on whom rests the responsibility by divine appointment to see that no iniquity exists in the Church, how many appointed to this office are doing this duty?

WEEK OF OCTOBER 27

1. Prayer.
2. Roll Call. (Each member should receive credit for attendance at meetings and for service rendered during the past week.)
3. Reports of committees.
   a. Special. (Call for specific reports from (1) committee appointed at a previous meeting to visit quorum members, (2) committee on social, (3) committee or individuals assigned to ward teaching, etc., etc.)
   b. Standing. (Receive report from one of the four standing committees; viz., Personal Welfare, Class Instruction, Church Service, Miscellaneous. Report should be in writing and signed by members of the committee.)
4. Consideration of Principles of Conduct.

Topics Outlined.

How the Teacher's Calling May Involve the Great Principle of Arbitration

1. Arbitration Taught by the Savior.
   a. "Jesus taught that forgiveness was a duty not only to the offender but also to the one wronged. Prolonged resentment, like hot anger, is a deadly menace to a man's physical, mental, and spiritual health. It injures him who cherishes it far more than its object. Jesus placed reconciliation before the formal acts of worship. He declared that resentment or the sense of injustice done or received made true worship impossible. He also taught that the direct personal method was the only right way to express forgiveness and to effect reconciliation. 'Go to thy brother,' was his reiterated counsel. He recognized that resentment feeds on suspicion and often grows fastest when secretly repressed."
   b. If personal efforts fail, then *arbitrate.*

"Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother.

"But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established.

"And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church: but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." (Matt. 18:15, 16, 17.)

2. The Teacher's Relationship to Other Persons' Hard Feelings and Enmity.
   a. His duty to be informed.
   b. His duty to keep sacred every confidence.
   c. His duty to bring about reconciliation.
3. Mode of Procedure.
   a. Information received during appointed visits.
   b. Advice given.
   c. Parties to quarrel brought together.
   d. Question arbitrated if desired.

WEEK OF NOVEMBER 3

1. Prayer.
2. Roll Call. (Each member should receive credit for attendance at meetings and for service rendered during the past week.)
3. Reports of committees.
   a. Special. (Call for specific reports from (1) committee appointed at a previous meeting to visit quorum members, (2) committee on social, (3) committee or individuals assigned to ward teaching, etc., etc.)
   b. Standing. (Receive report from one of the four standing committees; viz., Personal Welfare, Class Instruction, Church Service, Miscellaneous. Report should be in writing and signed by members of the committee.)
4. Consideration of Principles of Conduct.

Topics Outlined.

Relation of Teacher's Duty to Quorum Activity

1. Teacher's duty to know of delinquents in his district.
   a. How ascertained.
2. Reasons for delinquency ascertained and if possible objections to attending quorum meeting removed.

Note: As a practical illustration of this phase of ward teaching, have two or more teachers report actual conditions as they have found them in their respective districts.

WEEK OF NOVEMBER 10

1. Prayer.
2. Roll Call. (Each member should receive credit for attendance at meetings and for service rendered during the past week.)

3. Reports of committees.
   a. Special. (Call for specific reports from (1) committee appointed at a previous meeting to visit quorum members, (2) committee on social, (3) committee or individuals assigned to ward teaching, etc., etc.)
   b. Standing. (Receive report from one of the four standing committees; viz., Personal Welfare, Class Instruction, Church Service, Miscellaneous. Report should be in writing and signed by members of the committee.)
4. Consideration of Principles of Conduct.

Topics Outlined.

Proper Mode of Procedure in Teaching

1. Assignment to district made by bishopric.
2. Consultation and prayer preceding visits.
   a. Consideration of topics and messages to be presented.
   b. Assignment.
   c. Consideration of best methods of approach.
3. Greetings and order of procedure in the home.
   a. The art of questioning.
   b. The teacher's right to inquire into individual life and family relationships.
      1. The need of discretion and divine inspiration.

WEEK OF NOVEMBER 17

1. Prayer.
2. Roll Call. (Each member should receive credit for attendance at meetings and for service rendered during the past week.)
3. Reports of committees.
   a. Special. (Call for specific reports from (1) committee appointed at a previous meeting to visit quorum members, (2) committee on social, (3) committee or individuals assigned to ward teaching, etc., etc.)
   b. Standing. (Receive report from one of the four standing committees; viz., Personal Welfare, Class Instruction, Church Service, Miscellaneous. Report should be in writing and signed by members of the committee.)
4. Consideration of Principles of Conduct.

Topics Outlined.

Things to be Avoided in Teaching

1. As pertaining to the teacher.
   a. Procrastination.
   b. Indifference.
   c. Lack of appreciation of responsibility and sacredness of calling.
   d. Unpreparedness.
2. As pertaining to the home.
   a. Unnecessarily prolonged visits.
   b. Gossiping.
   c. Undignified bearing and speech.
   d. Manifesting lack of personal interest.

WEEK OF NOVEMBER 24

1. Prayer.
2. Roll Call. (Each member should receive credit for attendance at meetings and for service rendered during the past week.)
3. Reports of committees.
   a. Special. (Call for specific reports from (1) committee appointed at a previous meeting to visit quorum members, (2) committee on social, (3) committee or individuals assigned to ward teaching, etc., etc.)
   b. Standing. (Receive report from one of the four standing committees; viz., Personal Welfare, Class Instruction, Church Service, Miscellaneous. Report should be in writing and signed by members of the committee.)
4. Consideration of Principles of Conduct.

Topics Outlined.

Responsibility of the Teacher to Individual Member in His District

Significance of Teacher's Watching Over Church Always

1. Every name listed.
2. Church position noted and activity ascertained.
3. Social interests understood.
4. Personal habits violative of Church standards wisely corrected.
5. Attendance at meetings noted and commended.

Observed, noted and commented on.

Aaronic Priesthood Plan

At the beginning of 1929, lesson outlines were prepared for *each grade* of the Aaronic Priesthood to cover this entire year. Copies are available at this office at 10c each, postpaid. It is very much desired that every member of the Aaronic Priesthood in all wards throughout the Church have a copy of the outline for his particular grade.

In these lesson books are contained instructions for the carrying on of the class period. It has been expected that these class periods would be carried on during the summer. In that case, the lessons would be continued and be completed by December 31 of this year. However, in some of the stakes Priesthood meetings have not been regularly held during the summer. In such instances the bishops, supervisors and stake committees should now decide whether to present the remaining lessons more briefly or to take up only a sufficient number of lessons to finish the year. It is expected that in every ward throughout the Church these outlines will be completed by December 31. At that time a new set of outlines will be issued for 1930, and it is desired that all shall start with the new lessons on the new year.

In connection with the lesson work, it is, of course, very important that the activities of all members of the Priesthood should be stimulated, as suggested in the program given under instructions in the lesson book. Every effort should be made by the bishopric, supervisors and quorum officers to promote attendance and the performance of duties by all members of the Aaronic Priesthood.

The Presiding Bishopric.

Aaronic Priesthood Messages

We sometimes wonder if those upon whom the Holy Priesthood is conferred fully appreciate the responsibilities that go with their ordination.

"If you cannot give me someone as a companion who is capable of teaching, I shall not go out." This statement was made in ward Priesthood meeting recently where monthly ward teaching assignments were being announced. The person making the remark was a seventy. The companion assigned to accompany in this work was an ordained teacher. The attitude of the seventy was that house to house visiting is a missionary work requiring developed ability and training sufficient to enable the acting teacher to withstand possible attacks of an unbeliever or an apostate.

How many view this important Priesthood duty as does the brother herein quoted we are unable to judge. but we may assume this to be largely the case with all who do not grasp the spirit and significance of our block teaching work, which, if properly understood, has a dual purpose, that of watching over and admonishing the Saints and at the same time training our young men.

It is true that men of ability and training, coupled with the spirit of humility, make the best teachers. If

our system of visiting were for this purpose only, unqualified teachers would accomplish very little by going into homes of active, intelligent members. But the other phase of ward teaching, which the seventy herein quoted evidently did not discover, is the possibilities for development of the untrained youth.

The Lord tells us in section 84 of the Doctrine and Covenants, verses 26, 106, 107 and 108:

"And the lesser Priesthood continued, which Priesthood holdeth the key of the ministering of angels and the preparatory Gospel.

"And if any man among you be strong in the Spirit, let him take with him one that is weak, that he may be edified in all meekness, that he may become strong also.

"Therefore, take with you those who are ordained unto the lesser Priesthood, and send them before you to make appointments, and to prepare the way, and to fill appointments that you yourselves are not able to fill.

"Behold, this is the way that mine apostles, in ancient days, built up my church unto me."

Also in section 20 of the Doctrine and Covenants, verses 53 to 56:

"The teacher's duty is to watch over the church always and be with and strengthen them;

"And see that there is no iniquity in the church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking;

"And see that the church meet together often, and also see that all the members do their duty."

Are we just in holding the young men accountable for their failure to prepare when those charged with the responsibility of helping them to do so neglect their duty in this regard? How may one properly prepare without adequate equipment, proper instruction and a laboratory in which to work out and test his experiments? At present this is left largely until missionary experiences are gained, and this works an injustice upon the young man and is likewse a hardship upon the mission in which he labors.

We have in the Church some wards where ordained teachers and priests accompany more experienced men in their monthly visits. In this way they gain courage, learn to organize their thoughts and to express them effectively in the homes of the Church. The members visited who are trying to keep the commandments of the Lord will appreciate the opportunity they have of helping these young men prepare for greater responsibilities.

In some wards priests and teachers have been so well trained that they are performing these labors without the aid of older and more experienced men. These young men are learning thus early, that the Lord never forsakes those who rely upon his help and that rich blessings follow the humble performance of these duties.

What a wonderful opportunity the Lord is giving us to prepare these boys to go into the mission field qualified to engage immediately in spreading the truth! Is it not possible that, because of our failure so to encourage them and provide such training, blessings are withheld not only from them but also from those whose hearts might be touched by their simple message?

The Presiding Bishopric desires to call this matter to the attention of all who are engaged in Church work, with the hope that these young men shall not be deprived of this experience.

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

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Here are some of the special articles planned for the *New* Era in its first year—Centennial Year:

Messages from the First Presidency
Father Talks to his Sons
From the Green Mountains to the Rockies
Current History of the Church
Visits to "Mormon" Shrines
A Spiritual Philosophy of Life
World Progress and the Fulfillment of Prophecy
Is the World Agreeing with "Mormonism"?
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The Educational Value of a Mission
Faith-Promoting and Pioneer Stories
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MUTUAL WORK

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

Mutual Messages

Presidents and Secretaries

The first steps have been taken in our year's work in M. I. A. The opening social has been held with its "Story Book Wedding" and other pleasing features, the *Era* drive has been carried forward and all departments and committees, we hope, are organized and functioning. Here's wishing another most successful year for our great organization.

Membership

As stated in the Hand Book Supplement, all members of the Church above Primary age are expected to belong to the M. I. A. Our work is not complete until every boy and girl of M. I. A. age is either a member of the association or has been repeatedly invited to become one.

November Sunday Evening Joint Meeting

Suggestions and material for the program of the Monthly Joint Session Sunday evening, November 3, 1929:

1. Singing: "When First the Glorious Light of Truth."
2. Invocation; preferably by someone who knew Brigham Young.
3. Music.
4. Announcements.
5. The M. I. A. Slogan:
   a. Introduction: "We will cling to the constitution of our country and to the government that reveres that sacred charter of freeman's rights, and if necessary pour out our best blood for the defence of every good and righteous principle."—*Brigham Young.*
   b. President Hoover says:

"Our whole system of self-government will crumble either if officials elect what laws they will enforce or citizens elect what laws they will support. The worst evil of disregard for some law is that it destroys respect for all law."

   c. Presentation of slogan.
6. Presentation of the general theme: "The Life of Brigham Young."
   a. Outstanding characteristics.
   b. Some leading contributions.
7. Readings.
   a. An outsider's estimate of Brigham Young. (See material presented at close of this article.)
   b. The Lord's appreciation of "Brother Brigham." (See Doc. and Cov., Sec. 126.)
8. Brief testimonies concerning Brigham Young.
9. Closing song: "We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet."
10. Benediction.

Special Note: The following material, by no means exhaustive, is presented by the committee, with the view of helping to make the program effective in giving information and perpetuating an interest in the life of a man to whom the world owes a debt of gratitude. One of the sources of references used is, *The Life of Brigham Young*, a little volume published by George Q. Cannon and Sons in 1893. A new book, *Patriot, Pioneer, Pro-*

phet, by Susa Y. Gates, depicts the life of Brigham Young as only a member of his family could. This would be helpful for supplemental material.

BRIGHAM YOUNG

I. *Five of His Outstanding Characteristics*:

1. *Sincerity*:

"In language President Young was outspoken and plain. He never minced matters with anyone, high or low, nor treated the simplest honest member of the Church with less deference than the greatest of the many distinguished men and women who called upon him from all parts of the earth. He spoke openly, and none could mistake his meaning." Says Judge Hosea Stout: "He does all his sly deeds before the assembled multitude. * * * I defy any man to produce one solitary example of chicanery or double-dealing in his character or career." (*Life of Brigham Young*, pp. 171-172.)

2. *Dependability*:

On one occasion a large number of leading elders—among them several apostles and some of the witnesses of the Book of Mormon—held a council in the upper room of the temple, their object being to depose the Prophet and appoint David Whitmer president of the Church. Brigham Young, who on other occasions frustrated their plans and exposed their evil designs, was present also and by a characteristic speech defeated their scheme. He says: "I rose up, and told them in a plain and forcible manner that Joseph was a Prophet; and I knew it; and that they might rail at and slander him as much as they pleased, they could not destroy the appointment of the Prophet of God; they could only destroy their own authority, cut the thread which bound them to the Prophet and to God, and sink themselves to hell. Many were highly enraged at my decided opposition to their measures, and Jacob Bump (an old pugilist) was so exasperated that he could not be still. Some of the brethren near put their hands on him and requested him to be quiet, but he writhed and twisted his arms and body saying, 'how can I keep my hands off that man!' I told him if he thought it would give him any relief he might lay them on." (*Life of Brigham Young*, page 24.) (*History of Utah*, by Whitney, Vol. I, p. 137.)

The poet Henry W. Naisbett wrote of the dependability of Brigham Young:

"True beside the great Ohio, true upon Missouri's plain,
True where Far West's prairies reaching untouched by defection's stain;
True where Mississippi's waters glassed the Temple's towering dome,
True when Carthage sent its victims to their desolated home!
"True when fleeing from the hunters, as the antelope flees by;
True when camped 'mid death and sorrow, 'neath the silent winter sky;
True in all that wondrous passage—pilgrimage to peace, from strife;
True in Utah's proud dominions, marked by thy devoted life;"

3. *Vision*:

Where others saw a desert waste, Brigham Young saw orchards and fields; where others saw huts, he saw temples; where others said, "On to California," he said, "This is the place," and where others saw narrow highways, he saw broad streets and wide avenues. Where others saw the Indian as an enemy, he saw him as a brother; where others saw the trickling mountain creeks, he saw abundant irrigating streams. Where others saw only adversity, he saw prosperity. He saw through the eyes of the ancient prophet the mountain of the Lord's House established in the tops of the mountains, and all nations flowing unto it; he saw through the eyes of Joseph the Seer this people becoming mighty in the Rocky Mountains, and he saw more, he saw how to bring to pass

what they saw. (See also *Discourses of Brigham Young*, 736-743.)

4. *Love of Learning*:

He studied books, men, methods, principles and nature. He was the seeker of the whole truth, the truth of things as they were, as they are, and as they are to become. It is written of him: "He could speak the language of the stars, discourse eloquently regarding the organization of worlds, and then in simple terms direct how to plow and plant and reap."

5. *Appreciation of Art*:

Edgar Lee Masters, one of the first of present-day American poets, has this to say concerning Brigham Young, published in the *Nation*, Aug. 26, 1925: "Coming out of New England —for there both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young were born—how was it that they (the 'Mormons') built a theater at once, laid at once the cornerstone of the present temple, and began to cultivate music and dancing, so that today the city is excelled by none in America for its intelligence and love of art? For myself, if I were cribbed and confined in some village of Tennessee, I should go to Salt Lake City rather than to Sussex or Normandy." The answer to the poet is because their great leader, Brigham Young, appreciated art.

II. *Five of His Contributions*:

1. Brigham Young founded two colleges: one the Brigham Young Academy, at Provo, and the other the Brigham Young College at Logan. He has the reputation of being the pioneer advocate of industrial education.

2. He made recreation one of the essentials of the abundant life. Under his direction, the building of a theater and the erection of a temple and a tabernacle went on together. He encouraged out-door enjoyment, leading at one time two thousand of his people on a mountain hike. (See *Essentials of Church History*, p. 499.)

3. He founded the perpetual emigration fund, through which thousands of people were liberated from the bondage of poverty and oppression. And here must be noticed the covenant of the emigration, to show how faithfully it was kept—as have been all Brigham Young's covenants as the leader of his people.

"Previous to leaving Nauvoo President Young prompted the Latter-day Saints to enter into a solemn covenant in the temple, that they would not cease their exertions until every individual of them who desired and was unable to gather to the valley by his own means was brought to that place. No sooner were they located in the Rocky Mountains, than the Church prepared to fulfill this covenant, extending its application to the Saints in all the world." (*Life of Brigham Young*, by Tullidge, pp. 251-252.)

"When the Saints thus helped arrive here, they will give their obligations to the Church to refund the amount they have received, as soon as circumstances will permit; and labor will be furnished, to such as wish, on the public works, at good pay; and as fast as they can procure the necessaries of life, and a surplus, that surplus will be applied to liquidating their debt, and thereby increase the perpetual fund.

"By this it will readily be discovered that the funds are to be appropriated in the form of a loan rather than a gift; and this will make the honest in heart rejoice, for they have to labor and not live on the charity of their friends, while the lazy idlers, if any such there be, will find fault and want every luxury furnished them for the journey, and in the end pay nothing." (Extracts from letters from the First Presidency to Bishop Hunter. See Tullidge, pp. 451-454.)

4. He established a cooperative mercantile system, which protected his people against the greed of outside traders, and gave to the Church an enviable financial standing.

5. His discourses, are a source of reference; extracts from them form contents of a volume of 743 pages.

(Exhibit the book.) The character of his teaching may be judged by the following ten samples of his sayings:

1. "No being is fit to rule, govern and dictate, until he has been controlled, governed and dictated, has yielded obedience to law, and proved himself worthy, by magnifying the law that was over him, to be master of that law." (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 548.)

2. "I stand for constitutional law, and if any transgress, let them be tried by it, and, if guilty, suffer its penalty." (P. 549.)

3. "It is folly in the extreme for persons to say that they love God, when they do not love their brethren; and it is of no use for them to say that they have confidence in God, when they have none in righteous men." (P. 417.)

4. "My experience has taught me, and it has become a principle with me, that it is never any benefit to give, out and out, to man or woman, money, food, clothing, or anything else, if they are able-bodied, and can work and earn what they need, when there is anything on the earth for them to do." (P. 422.)

5. "It never hurts my feelings to see young exurberant life and animation manifest themselves. Do not be discouraged about the follies of the young." (P. 324.)

6. "Do not oppress the poor, but trust in God, and you will go neither hungry, naked, nor thirsty. If you oppress the poor, the day will come when you will be naked, thirsty, and hungry, and will not be able to get anything to supply your wants." (P. 465.)

7. "This life is worth as much as any life that any being can possess in time or in eternity. There is no life more precious to us in the eye of eternal wisdom and justice than the life which we now possess. Our first duty is to take care of this life." (P. 466.)

8. "I am more afraid of covetousness in our elders than I am of the hordes of hell. Those who are covetous and greedy, anxious to grasp the whole world, are all the time uneasy, and are constantly laying their plans and contriving how to obtain this, that, and the other." (P. 470.)

9. "I do not know of any, excepting the unpardonable sin, that is greater than the sin of ingratitude." (P. 352.)

10. "Many of us have been taught the doctrine of total depravity—that man is not naturally inclined to do good. I am satisfied that he is more inclined to do right than to do wrong. There is a greater power within him to shun evil and perform good than to do the opposite." (P. 120.)

The following is taken from a letter by H. W. Laughy, managing editor of the *San Gabriel Valley Courier*:

"I said to your Doctor Young, a day or two back, in the museum at the Tabernacle, that I considered Moses a rank fourth-rater by comparison with your Brigham Young. Moses hid his followers, a people of common ideal, in the wilderness apart from contamination, and there for a period of forty years preached to them submission to their God; yet we find the second generation of that same stock running hog-wild over the hill country of Canaan and licking the living daylights out of everything they could catch or corner.

"Brigham Young led a throng drawn from many nations, a people without a national tradition behind them, on a trek which stands without a precedent in human history. He sought no seclusion, faced contamination in a thousand forms, and beat down bare-handed every obstacle that came before him. He bowed the stiffest neck to meet the yoke, exalted the wild and wayward to the sublimity of humility, built tabernacles and temples to his God. Today, in his second and third generations, we find his covenants stamped upon the descendants of every singing pilgrim that marched behind him."

ADULT DEPARTMENT

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Those who have read the Manual for the joint Adult Department are enthusiastically singing its praises. It is a neat, attractive paper-bound volume of 216 pages. Each of the 24 chapters is a thoughtful, almost reverent discussion of the tremendous changes which have been wrought in the past one-hundred years in the fields of religion, medicine, mechanical arts, and humanitarian movements. Truly with the ushering in of the Gospel dispensation a flood of light came into the world. The spirit of the Lord has rested mightily upon good men and women everywhere, enlightening and quickening their powers of mind and spirit to a marked degree so that their researches have brought forth marvelous results. All who read and study this manual will be thrilled with the thought of the glorious heritage that is ours who live now and are partaking of the blessing of this day.

The manual is for sale at the general office; price 40c.

Program Project

Remember that the first Tuesday evening of each month is to be devoted to a consideration of the Project on Citizenship. Both the section studying the manual and the section in genealogy are to unite on this evening for consideration of the Project.

COMMUNITY ACTIVITY DEPARTMENT

Outlines of Study

Objectives

(For October 1)

I. *Objectives in Drama* (Based upon the dramatic, social and linguistic urges. See pages 342, 403, 434 of the M. I. A. *Hand Book.*)

The immediate objectives are:

a. To develop ability in self-expression.

b. To increase sympathy for the best in dramatic art and literature.

c. To develop sympathy for types and characters through understanding and acting out of parts.

d. To develop a deeper and broader philosophy of life.

II. *Local Problems*:

a. What are your particular (1) weaknesses (2) obstacles?

b. Do you have competent dramatic directors?

c. Does your recreation hall afford adequate theatrical facilities? What improvements are needed? How may they be achieved?

d. Does your audience present a difficulty?

e. Which of the following types of drama is enjoyed most in your ward—comedy, farce, melodrama or tragedy? Why?

f. Are you able to give a production of sufficient excellence to maintain in your audience an attitude of detachment toward the persons playing the roles?

g. Discuss the plays you produced last year. Were they of a standard to raise the appreciation of worthwhile

drama in your community?

h. Were you able, through your plays, to develop in your audiences greater sympathy for an understanding of human vagaries?

i. Has participation in plays been a means toward better social adjustment for the players?

j. Do you find it difficult to fill minor roles? If so, why? What is the remedy?

k. Discuss the matter of using the names of the "leads" as advertising matter.

III. *Methods* (How to achieve objectives):

a. Secure a coach with training and vision, and no other assignment.

b. Plan a comprehensive and purposeful dramatic program.

c. Make a survey of your community for dramatic talent and equipment.

d. Stimulate dramatic competition between wards, with appropriate recognition accorded. (The project for this year is one idea in this direction.)

(For October 8)

As we begin what we hope will be M. I. A.'s most successful season up to date, Community Activity Committees face the old problem—"What plays shall we produce?"

Contest: Those in charge of contest work will welcome the greater latitude in play selection made possible by the ruling of this, and the publication of the M. I. A. Book of Plays, a little volume containing six one-act plays, any one of which may be chosen for contest presentation.

Project: The matter of play selection for the project, "An evening of one-act plays in every ward, the three best to tour the stake," should be given careful and intelligent study. Before November first, all phases of this activity should be mapped out carefully.

In any given stake, any or all of the above mentioned plays may be used for project purposes, but the selection of plays is not limited to this volume. Since the project is introduced with the idea of furnishing the ward and the stake an evening of the best theater entertainment possible, it is to be hoped that the plays performed will cover considerable scope.

The following suggested sources are intended to stimulate, rather than limit selection: One-act Plays for Stage and Study (Series 1, 2, 3 and 4)—Samuel French.

Harvard Work-shop Plays.

A Treasury of Plays for Women—Frank Shay; Little, Brown and Co.

University of Utah Plays—B. Roland Lewis.

The following study suggestions are given not merely with the idea of helping committees in the matter of providing entertainment, but to help develop a philosophy of recreation which is at once psychologically and socially sound. Ephemeral entertainment can be had with increasing ease. We should aim to make our recreational program one of the chief means of social integration and cultural development.

By what criteria shall plays be judged; that is, upon what points shall we base our selection? We will necessarily be limited by:

1. Audience.
2. Ability and limitation of production group.
3. Theater (auditorium and stage) facilities.
4. Royalties.
5. The plays themselves—materials dealt with and method of treatment.

From the recreational point of view adopted by the M. I. A., No 5 is of paramount importance. What kinds of plays shall we use? Unquestionably, plays of merit. This sounds simple, but when is a play of merit? The mere fact that an audience will laugh heartily at one play, weep copiously at another and sit rigidly intent from suppressed excitement at a third. is not of itself an adequate reason for their presentation. There are shady stories which are undeniably funny;

there are scenes charged with sentimentality and falsity which will induce tears in the unwary (which classification includes most of us) and the depiction of murder, pillage and criminal intrigue easily arouses interest and excitement.

A play must be true. What constitutes literary truth? Although "Romeo and Juliet" is not historical, is it true? Would any youth, now or ever, use Romeo's language in his love-making? Of course not. The language of this play is highly poetic, and is replete with artistic beauty. The ideas and events it embodies, however, are humanly true. On the other hand, a play may be intensely realistic and yet be utterly false, as exemplified by "The Man Who Came Back."

Are the characters in a certain play true to themselves? Sentimental plays often warp characters out of all semblance of truth in order to have a happy ending. What is the effect of such procedure on an audience? Should a play aim to give recreati by helping an audience escape realit Discuss the statement, "There is enough sadness in real life without having to see it on the stage."

Given a true play, it should be beautifully treated. Can tragedy be beautiful? Is there any beauty in Macbeth? If so, how and where? What constitutes a work of art? Why is a kodak picture rarely considered a work of art, whereas an oil painting or an etching of the same subject is artistic?

Our spoken judgments are sometimes in direct opposition to our actual impressions. Often a play is condemned as being an immoral influence because it happens to deal with the evil in the world, when as a matter of fact, its ultimate actual influence has been to stir up revolt against evil—an effect undeniably moral. Some of Ibsen's plays, for example, raised tremendous verbal storms, and were denounced as immoral and indecent, but no one will deny that they have exerted a tremendous influence for social good. Another example of discrepancy between verbal judgment and actual response is to be found among certain moderns who hail filthy plays as great plays, when there is nothing save the realism of the filth to recommend them. Many persons praise a play whose chief merit is that it gives vicarious play to their lascivious tendencies. Therefore, we must beware of being led astray by the verbal acclaim or disapproval with which a play is received. A sound philosophy of life with its immediate corollary, a sound philosophy of recreation, is our only hope for developing adequate discretionary powers in the matter of play selection.

Suggested Reading

Woolbert and Nelson—*The Art of Interpretative Speech*—F. S. Crofts, N. Y. (pp. 3-52).

John Dolman—*The Art of Play Production*—Harper's, N. Y. (pp. 1-62.) (The best work on play production ever published. Every ward should have access to one.)

Emerson Taylor—*Practical Stage Directing for Amateurs.* (Choice of Play.)

M. I. A. *Hand Book* (pp. 151-165; 403-433).

Shakespeare—*Romeo and Juliet. Macbeth*—Rolfe, Yale or Cambridge Edition.

Frank Craven—*The First Year.*

Ibsen—*A Doll's House, Ghosts.*

Note: These are suggested to give basis for discussion. The Shakespeare and Ibsen plays are not recommended for production. Which of the five limitations would rule their selection out?

Supplementary Reading

Langfield—*The Aesthetic Attitude.*

G. Johnson—*Choosing a Play.*

Vernon Lee—*The Beautiful.*

Clayton Hamilton—*Conversations on Contemporary Drama.*

William Archer—*Play-making.*

This reading list may at first glance appear formidable. Perhaps it is. The task before us is formidable. No really worthwhile mission is accomplished without persistent effort. Members of Community Activity Committees have a great program of personal education ahead of them, and the success of their service to the community will be measured by the degree of achievement attained in the study of their problems.

Royalties

If a play is worthy of presentation, the author merits some remuneration. Producing a royalty play surreptitiously is stealing, and should not under any circumstances be permitted. The possibility of being caught and suffering the subsequent penalties should not be the deterrent factor. Sub rosa production of plays should be discouraged solely on the grounds that it is dishonest, and subversive of "Mormon" ideals. No doubt many royalty rulings are unjust. Equitable royalty ruling is one of the major national recreational problems.

Assignment: Read "Soul Mates" in the M. I. A. Book of Plays, and come to class prepared to discuss it.

Suggestions for the Study of *"Soul Mates"*

1. Is the play humorous or serious in character?
2. Do you consider the *purpose* humorous or serious?
3. What is your opinion of the title? Is it well chosen?
4. What is a plot?
5. What is the plot of this play?
6. What truth do you find in the characterization?
7. Where is the climax?
8. If you have ever come across this idea before in a play or in life, tell about it.
9. What has led to the presence of this situation in America?
10. Is it easy to grasp the purpose and idea of this play?
11. If there is any religious truth in the play, discuss it.
12. Which lines appeal to you the most?
13. Do you consider the play moral in effect?
14. Would we object to episodes, conversation or detail if the total effect gained is moral?
15. Is Patricia's character consistent? Does she change her mind too easily in the matter with which the play is chiefly concerned?

Assignment: Read "Conversion" in the M. I. A. Book of Plays, and come to class prepared to discuss it.

Suggestions for the Study of "Conversion"

(For October 22)

1. What is the idea or theme of the play?
2. How far do the characters in the play seem real, or how far do they seem adjusted to the thesis? Is the mother's character consistent, or merely calculated to prove the thesis?
3. Is the idea convincing?
4. Is the ending logical? Do you feel reassured about the future of the family?
5. Do you consider the play effective? Does it sound preachy, or does the conversation appear normal?
6. What is the greatest appeal in the play?
7. Does the play sound unduly "talky"? Is there sufficient interest developed to carry a play?
8. Can you draw any parallels from your own experience with any of the characters here?
9. How true is the psychology of the play? Are the people real? Do you know any people like those in the play?
10. Do you find any humor; is it in plot, incident, line or characterization, if any?

11. Discuss each scene in the play as to the contribution it makes to the advancement of story, idea or character. What lines do you consider pivotal in the development of the play?

12. What would have to be considered in directing the play, regarding tempo, action, mood, etc.?

13. What are the biggest problems confronting the director?

14. Discuss the setting.

15. A serious drama is always written with a goal in mind; a theme, the development of a character, the exposition of a psychological condition, etc. What is the goal of this play? Is it effectively achieved? What do you think of this method of handling the subject of conversion?

Note: The Chairman of the Community Activity Committee in every ward is requested to send to the General Office (47 East So. Temple, or 33 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City) a list of the plays used for the project.

Project Discussion

(For October 29)

"An Evening of one-act plays in every Ward, the three best to tour the Stake."

1. Have you selected your plays for presentation? Did you consider the advisability of choosing three of distinctly different types? What would be the advantage of such choice?

2. Have you a competent director? If not, have you looked about to find a high school teacher, or graduate student of speech who might be happy to serve in this capacity?

3. Have you selected a different cast for each play, or is the same group trying to present all three plays? Remember that one of the aims of drama in the Church is to give opportunity for participation to as many as possible in the ward.

4. Were casts chosen by the try-out method, or by arbitrary selection? If the latter, are you not perhaps missing some of the latent talent in the ward, and depriving some deserving members of the opportunity for participation?

5. Are you drawing as many people into activity as possible? It is not necessary that acting ability alone be considered; there is excellent opportunity for scene-painters, property men, stage managers, mechanics, electricians, carpenters, costumers, etc.

6. Are you endeavoring to develop in the hearts of the young people the right contest attitude by exhibiting it yourselves? The influence of leaders is extremely potent, and good sportsmanship is largely a matter of example.

7. The Stake Community Activity Committee will judge or provide judges on the evening of your project production, and select the three best plays from all those presented in the stake, to make the tour of the stake. Arrangement of all details of the tour is in the hands of the stake officers.

8. If plays other than those suggested by the General Boards are to be used, has consideration been given the matter of royalty?

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

Franklin S. Davis

In the death, August 21, 1929, of Franklin S. Davis, the Department of Education suffered what seems at this time an irreparable loss. He was the efficient secretary of the Department, was familiar with every detail of the work and administered the affairs of his office with a judgment, skill and

efficiency that stamped him as a man of unusual capacity and ability. His winning ways and agreeable disposition endeared him to all who had business relations with him. By all of these he will never be forgotten.

Talents and capabilities are in a measure inherited. They come with birth. Some other personal qualities are "acquired" by individual effort. One of these is the quality of dependability. This quality Brother Davis had developed to a high degree. He never failed to do and to do well anything that he undertook. All of his associates knew that any job assigned him would be done. If the same thing could be truthfully said of every member of the Church, how much more brilliantly would shine "the light upon a hill that cannot be hid!" And yet dependability is an acquired characteristic.

Franklin S. Davis died while working at his desk in his 34th year. He was born and reared in Salt Lake City, where he lived all his life except during the period of his mission, 1917-1919, in the Northcentral States. From his youth he was always active in Church work—had served as ward clerk, stake superintendent of Religion Classes, teacher of English in the Missionary Home, and in many other positions. For nearly nine years he served as secretary in the Department of Education. In this position he wrote many letters. Myriads of these were gems of elegant diction and through them breathed the spirit of genuine love.

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The proposed new calendar would have an extra Sunday, and we are against that. There are far too many automobile accidents as matters stand.
—*Nashville Banner.*

* * * *

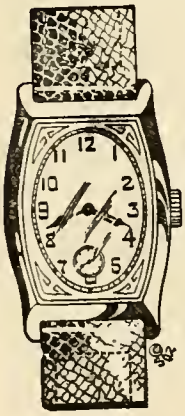
"The way for you to straighten out your financial difficulties is to live within your means for a while, until you get square."

"Within our means? I should say not! We may be poor, but we're not as badly off as all that."—*Montreal Star.*

* * * *

"So you got a big fine for smashing up someone's car? I thought you said you had a friend at court who would fix things for you?"

"Just my luck. He was the fellow I ran into."—*Judge.*



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* * * *

"Mother," asked little Jack, "is it correct to say that you water a horse?"

"Yes, dear," replied his mother.

"Well, then," said Jack, picking up a saucer, "I'm going to milk the cat."
—*Vancouver Province.*

* * * *

Fond Parent: "What's the matter, my dear?"

Daughter: "Freddie and I have parted company forever."

Fond Parent: "Um! In that case I suppose he won't be around here for a couple of nights."—*Tid-Bits.*

* * * *

He: "You haven't said a word for twenty minutes."

She: "Well, I don't have anything to say."

He: "Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"

She: "No."

He: "Well, then, will you be my wife?"—*Capper's Weekly.*

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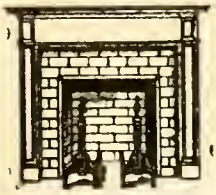

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"Yus, it ain't respectable, 'er with 'er 'usband not out of prison for another week yet."—*Everybody's Weekly (London)*.

* * * *

"You are called as a witness of the quarrel between your friend and his wife. Were you present at the beginning of the trouble?"

"Certainly! I was a witness at their wedding."—*Ulk (Berlin)*.

* * * *

Customer: "I should like to try that frock on in the window."

Assistant: "Sorry, madam, but the management will not allow that. Would you care to try it on in our private fitting room."—*Everybody's Weekly.*

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Salt Lake Costume Co.
Southern Pacific Lines
Utah Gas & Coke Co.
Utah Home Fire Ins. Co.
Utah-Idaho Sugar Co.
Zion's Co-operative Merc. Inst.

It is still possible for the pedestrian practically to assure his safety if he pursues his course around the block without leaving the sidewalk.—*Troy Times.*

* * * *

The druggist was awakened long after midnight by the violent ringing of his door-bell. On looking out his window, he saw a young miss in evening clothes.

"What's the matter?" he cried, as he pulled on his dressing-gown. "Somebody ill?"

"Oh, no," she cried gaily; "but I'm at a dance close by and I've mislaid my rouge."

"Really?" asked the druggist, softly. "Well, I'm sorry, but I never keep enough rouge in stock to cover a cheek like yours!"—*London Answers.*

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The Deseret News Press

29 Richards Street **Salt Lake City**

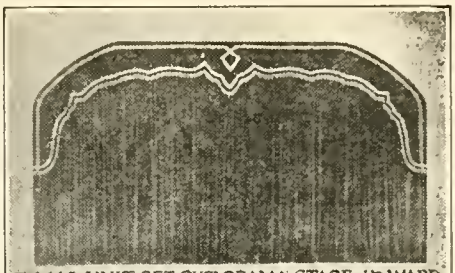
Will Dobson, whose contributions have often appeared in the Era and in M. I. A. manuals, is the author of the story, "From Within," which we present in this number. It is something entirely out of the ordinary and will prove profitable reading.

Prof. Frank Arnold, of the U. A. C., a keen observer and a gifted writer, gives an interesting bit of description in this issue with the title, "A Unique Utah Tree."

Dr. J. H. Paul writes in a semi-humorous style of a "Monster Worth While." This treats of the old so-called Bear Lake monster which a few decades ago had more of a reputation than it now has.

* * * *

A little moonlight, now and then,
Will marry off the best of men.
—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*



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There doesn't seem to be any sane reason for repealing a law simply because criminals don't like to stay in jail.—*Toledo Blade.*

* * * *

One of life's funniest mysteries is why a wife whose husband is about as pleasant as an earthquake to have around, will lie awake half the night worrying because she is afraid some other woman is going to walk off with him.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

* * * *

The French official was the epitome of courtesy. When the *grande dame* appeared for a passport, he could not hurt her, despite a disfigurement, so he wrote:

Eyes—dark, beautiful, tender, expressive (but one missing).—*Boston Transcript.*

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